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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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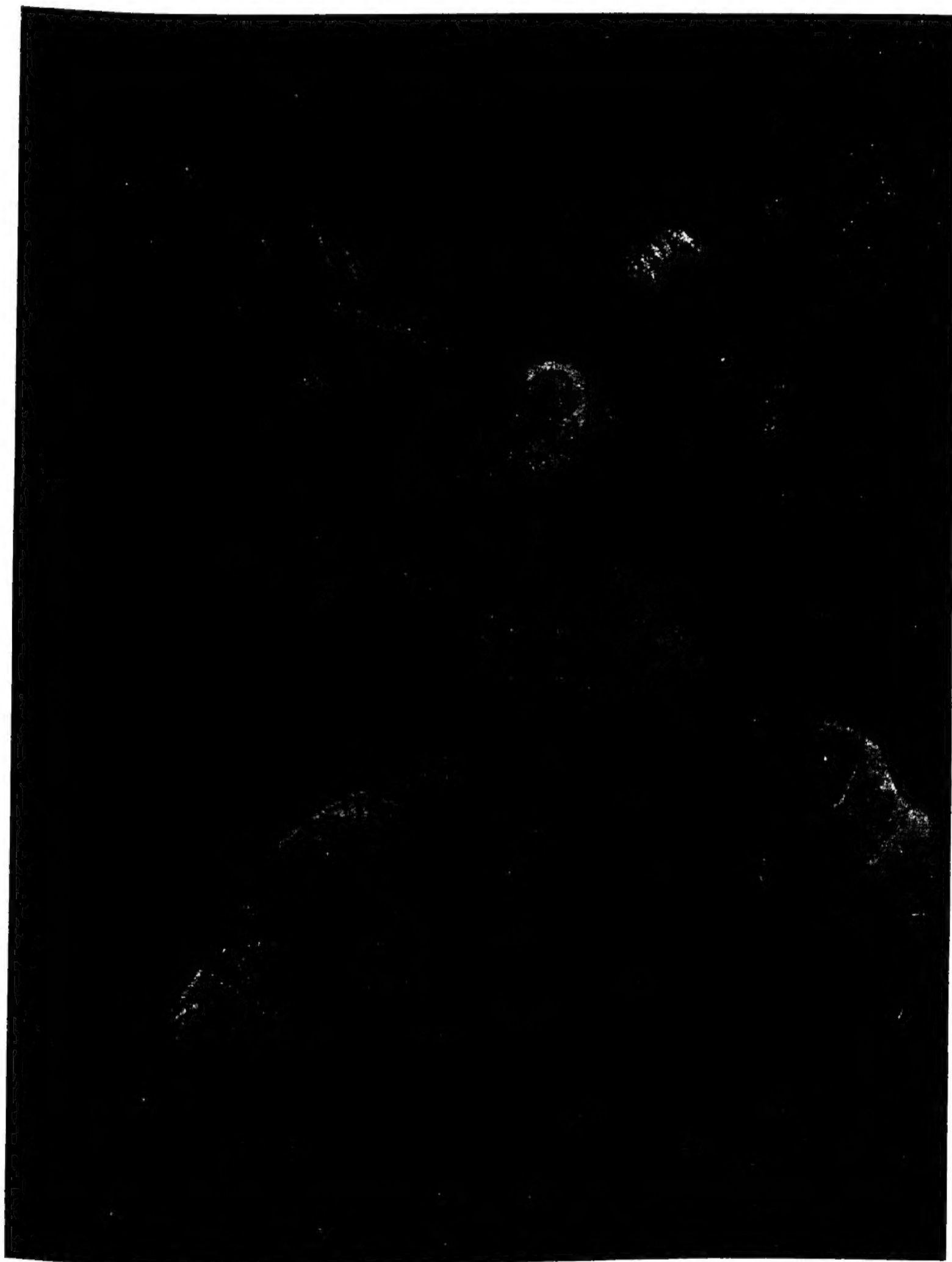
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Vol. V.—No. 107.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 19th JULY, 1890.

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A PORTRAIT; from the painting by J. Hom.

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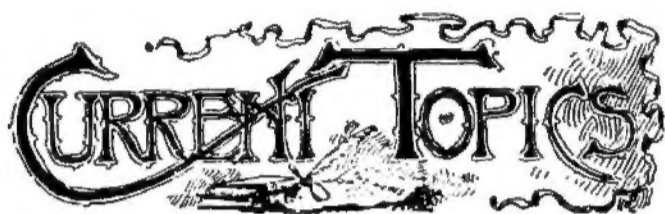
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19th JULY, 1890.



Of the five cities of the Province of Quebec, three date from the 17th, one from the 18th, and one from the early years of the 19th century. We know more about the beginnings of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers than we do about those of St. Hyacinthe or Sherbrooke. The dates respectively assigned to the foundation of Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal are 1608, 1634 and 1642. The history of St. Hyacinthe goes back to the year 1748, when (November 23) the concession of the seigneurie of that name was made to Pierre François Rigaud, Seigneur of Vaudreuil and Governor of Three Rivers. The document was signed by the Comte de la Galissonnière, Governor, and François Bigot, Intendant, of New France. In October, 1753, the seigneurie was sold to Sieur Jacques Hyacinthe Simon Delorme, an officer in the King's service, for 4,000 francs, the deed of sale being registered by Maitres Du Laurent and Sanguinet, notaries. The land was 36 leagues square. Sieur Delorme took possession in 1755, and in 1757 the first dwelling, in what is now the city of St. Hyacinthe, was erected. The place was at first called La Cascade. In 1780 there was a considerable population, a grist mill having been built in 1772, which was enlarged in 1800. In 1817 there were 600 persons in the village. In 1832 a market was laid out. In 1850 it was incorporated as a village. In 1852 it became the seat of a bishop. The opening of the Grand Trunk gave a marked impulse to its progress. It has at present a population of about 8,000, and is thriving apace. Its situation on the Yamaska river is favourable to trade, while adding greatly to the beauty of the scenery. Sherbrooke, which is also on the line of the Grand Trunk, is situated at the junction of the St. Francis and Magog rivers. The first opening in the forest primeval at this point took place about the year 1800, and before the first quarter of the present century had ended, the settlement at "Lower Forks" (as it was then called) had "assumed the proportions and characteristics of an active thriving village." The establishment of an office of the British American Land Company in 1833 added greatly to the importance of Sherbrooke, which grew rapidly from that year until 1852, when it was incorporated. It is now one of the most prosperous centres of industry and commerce in the Dominion and is assured of a great future. We hope in an early issue to place before our readers some interesting evidences of its progress.

Mr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, undertook some time ago a mission of inquiry, the aim and results of which are greatly to the credit of that public-spirited journalist. He wished to learn, by personal investigation, whatever was of most exemplary value in the municipal institutions of the Old World, and, after devoting some twelve months to the task, he returned to his own home with a rich store of gathered facts for the enlightenment of his fellow-citizens. He was much struck with the system that he found in vogue in Glasgow, of which he made an

elaborate study, which he has communicated to the pages of the *Century*. Mr. Shaw begins by a few words of comment on the ordinary application of the word city. To his mind it means not merely an aggregation of houses and people, but a municipal organization as complete in theory and as satisfactory in its working as it is possible to attain. From the standpoint of this definition, he considers Glasgow the first city in Great Britain. It is, of all the places that he has visited in his tour of inspection, the type of what the modern city ought to be—"one of the most characteristic of the great urban communities of the English-speaking world of the nineteenth century. To study Glasgow is to study the progress of municipal institutions in every stage." He was much pleased with the model lodging-houses—clean, comfortable, decent and cheap. Yet so well managed are they that they have proved a good investment. The public baths and wash-houses are another merit of the Glasgow municipal system—the swimming-baths being kept open during the entire year. The gas works have been so well administered that for twenty years they have given entire satisfaction to the public. The corporation has by care been able to make reductions until last year, when the price was fixed at 66 cents. The city cars (tramways), while offering the public ample and excellent accommodation, are under the control of the corporation. The consequence is that the city's interests, which are those of the public, are well looked after. After 1894 they will yield the municipal treasury a large income, without requiring a penny of public expenditure. In the matter of illumination, Glasgow has set the world an example which other cities are beginning to follow. Some years ago the authorities undertook to light private courts and passages, as well as the public streets, and subsequently included common stairs in tenement houses. Though apparently expensive, this plan is really a saving, not to speak of its effects in diminishing crime. Every light is deemed equal to a constable. In other respects Glasgow has provided for the moral improvement of the people—the parks, libraries, picture galleries, technical schools, and other means of intellectual and æsthetic culture, placing it in the front rank of modern cities. And, to crown all, the financial position of the municipality is all that could be desired.

Mr. Blaine's rejection of Lord Salisbury's offer to refer the Behring Sea question to an international convention seems to indicate that the American Government was not quite sure of its position. The note from Sir Julian Pauncefote to the American Secretary shows that both Governments had agreed to postpone the consideration of legal questions pending the attempt to reach a full and final settlement. To this end the British ambassador had proposed an international convention, which Parliament would be asked to ratify. British sailing vessels would be at once prohibited from entering Behring Sea during the migratory movements of the fur seal both into and out of that body of water, while at all other times they were not to approach within ten miles of the rookeries. A mixed commission of American, British and Russian experts would be constituted to consider such provisions of the convention as would take effect at once, and report what modifications or additions were necessary for its permanent shape. In advance of its final report, the commission should suggest *ad interim* such regulations as might be requisite to prevent injury to the fur seal interests of the United States and Russia in Behring Sea; and these regulations would be put in force immediately, though provisionally, by the three powers. If the latter failed to accept the final conclusions of the commission, the report should be referred to some disinterested government, the decision of which should be accepted as final, and the other maritime powers should be asked to give their adhesion to it. After considerable delay the Secretary of State informed the British Minister that his proposal had been found inadmissible. Lord Salisbury then sent a long despatch to Washington, in which he severely criticized Mr. Blaine's arguments, charging him

with inconsistency in reversing the policy of his distinguished predecessor, John Quincy Adams. Mr. Blaine, evidently put out of temper by being proved in the wrong, reiterates the claim that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum*, and urges that the pretension on the part of Russia, to which Mr. Adams objected, covered not simply a portion of the Pacific Ocean, but the whole of it, from the Frozen Ocean to the 51st degree of north latitude, and from the Asiatic to the American side. In any case the United States, having no share in the Asiatic side of the ocean, is in a wholly different position from that which Russia held in 1822.

The whole course of the United States in these fisheries disputes has been marked by one-sidedness and self-contradiction. While seeking privileges in our Atlantic fishing-grounds, to which they are entitled neither by usage nor by treaty, they do not hesitate to set up a monopoly in the North Pacific, which is clearly preposterous, and which a former Washington government declined to admit when another power was the claimant, though that power had the additional plea of ownership on both continents. While disputing England's right to look upon the Bay of Fundy as a closed sea, they insisted on the much more open bays of Delaware and Chesapeake being so regarded. Prof. Heinrich Geffcken, whose testimony may be accepted as disinterested, scouts the Behring Sea claim as wholly unsupported by international law. Of the treaty of 1825 between Russia and England, and the treaty of 1824 between Russia and the United States, the terms of which were virtually identical, he writes that it "accorded the right of unmolested fishing on the high sea, free navigation of all rivers disembodying into the Pacific and free commerce." And, in summing up, he adds: "These treaties leave no doubt that the two governments acquired free shipping (navigation) and fishing for every part of the great ocean, commonly called the Pacific Ocean or South Sea." That the Russian authorities understood its provisions in the same sense is proved by the fact that, when in 1841 the Russian-American Company applied for permission to send armed cruisers to Behring Sea to prevent the Americans from whaling there, on the ground that it was a land-locked sea, Count Nesselrode replied that, according to the treaty of 1824, the Americans had the right of fishing through the whole extent of the Pacific.

The conduct of those papers that persist in fomenting the agitation of race questions in Canada cannot be too strongly condemned. There is absolutely no advantage whatever to be gained by this kind of controversy. The French and British races have been placed in this country to help each other to develop its vast resources for their common benefit. In discharging that great task there is ample scope for all the energies of mind and body that they can both bring to bear on it. The only rivalry between the two great sections of our people that is at all justifiable is a rivalry in turning to account the blessings with which Providence has favoured us. The rivalries of industry and skill, of enterprise and perseverance, of intellectual culture and moral advancement. Whatever victories have been gained hitherto over obstacles that retarded our progress—our gains in constitutional liberty, in the unification of the Dominion, in the extension of means of communication, in the opening up of our vast places for settlement, in the construction of our great public works, in the spread of public instruction and provision for higher education, in the establishment of new industries and in procuring new outlets for trade, and all the other boons which have added to the prosperity of our people and given them the assurance of greater triumph hereafter—have been won by the happy co-operation of all the elements that compose our Canadian nationality, and by these same elements making the greater Canada of the future be expanded and built up. In unity and good will lies our strength while strife and enmity can only enfeeble and depress. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

The Anglo-German agreement has elicited a vast stock of evidence as to the variety of opinions that may exist on any single question. That in the United Kingdom there should be divergence between the two parties was only to be expected. There was like divergence on every development of foreign policy under Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, and in the ministries that preceded them. But seldom has there been such a marked discrepancy between the two extremes of most favourable and most adverse judgments. In the interval between these, again, there is every possible diversity of view, from simple acquiescence to wild exultation, on the one hand, and from mild dissent to violent denunciation, on the other, and the prophecy of disaster on disaster as the consequence. In Germany there has been the same diversity, and so, through the whole European press the controversy has taken every imaginable shape. In France, the mass of public opinion is against the agreement, as in some vague way, a menace to the interests of the Republic. Any aggrandizement of Germany in Europe could hardly produce any feeling but hostility in France. The possession of Heligoland is made out to be a great gain from a naval point of view—a conviction which is, no doubt, deepened by the exultant tone of the German official organs. One paper, for instance, looks upon the acquisition of the island as the fulfilment of the long cherished aspiration of the German people, and cheaply purchased by the surrender of a few advantages in Africa. This has been the refrain of a large portion of the press, and, although it is the utterance of patriotic pride at the removal of a foreign garrison from Germany's door rather than a well-weighed recognition of any real advantage, the French press naturally accepts it as proof of a great renunciation on Lord Salisbury's part, and sees in it a real danger to France. *Le Temps* has, however, given equal, if not more, attention to the African part of the bargain, and declares that there, too, England has been overreached by German wiles, or overpersuaded by some powerful inducement. Here again the German press confirms French suspicion by pronouncing the agreement a guarantee of long enduring peace between Germany and England. And, in fact, this is just the view on which Lord Salisbury himself has laid stress. Does he mean thereby that Germany is so formidable that it is worth England's while to part with territory and influence in order to conciliate her? That is unhappily the impression that has been given to the world.

In discussing the prospects of success and possibilities of failure that lie before the Beet Sugar Company, now being organized in Ontario, the *Canadian Manufacturer* is of opinion that all the objections made to the project can be overruled; that the experience of Quebec was due to causes that have been satisfactorily accounted for; that there is no climatic obstacle, and that there is no reason why Ontario should not succeed in such an undertaking as fully as California or Nebraska. This last point was urged several years ago, when the enterprise was first started in this Province; nor, indeed, is there any reason, either in the soil or in the climate, why the cultivation of the sugar beet should not thrive as well here as in the Western States, or even in Europe. The difficulty experienced did not spring from physical so much as from moral sources. The farmers could not be induced to plant beets—although they were assured that whatever crops they raised would be purchased by the company—instead of the ordinary quota of grains and vegetables to which they had been accustomed. The consequence was that the factory fell short of the expected supply, and much time and energy were wasted. And, as success engenders success, failure engenders failure, and at this moment there is in Quebec a far-reaching prejudice against beet culture. In Ontario they have had no such damaging experience, and, therefore, they will enter on the undertaking with an unclouded forecast. It is to be hoped that our contemporary's sanguine forecast will be fulfilled. Where there's a will there's a way—they have both will and way.

OUR CITIES--OLD AND NEW.

Sir Daniel Wilson, in his "Prehistoric Man," contrasts and compares the early growth of communities in the Old World with those in the New. Whereas the old-world cities have their mystic founders and quaint legends still commemorated in heraldic blazonry, there is little, if any, mystery about the beginnings of our cis-Atlantic towns. And then, taking one of our provincial capitals as an example of the latter, he points out with what minuteness the local historian has chronicled the successive changes in its early development. All our cities are not, indeed, so young as the one thus selected for illustration, and several of those of even later growth have traditions that carry the mind back to dates more remote. In the Maritime Provinces the English, Scotch, German and Loyalist settlements were mostly established on sites which the French had already occupied temporarily or permanently. The same thing may be said of some of the Upper Canadian towns and cities, while in the North-West the localities chosen had, in many instances, been already designated by the French explorers or the Hudson's Bay or North-West Company. Montreal bears a name which has associations with the reign of Francis the First. If we accept the time of Cartier's visit in 1535 as the commencement of its colonial history, it will take precedence of even St. Augustine or Santa Fé. Even if we limit ourselves to the years of actual occupation and settlement by Europeans, our Eastern cities are not all of yesterday, and some of them have a history of respectable length. In most cases devoted students have placed on record at least the most salient events in their annals, while some of them have been the themes of bulky volumes or even series of volumes. Treatises of this kind, which demand considerable research are of no slight value to the general historian.

Another source of information regarding the condition of our cities and towns at various periods, is found in the works of travellers and tourists who record the impressions made on them by the places that they visit, their inhabitants, their dwellings, the amount and nature of their business, their social life, and the intellectual status of their people. In books of this class it is possible to trace the progress of most of our important towns and cities for periods varying from half a century to two centuries. Quebec has attracted most notice from these birds of passage. In his excellent history of the Ancient Capital, Mr. LeMoine makes frequent quotations from, or references to, the distinguished personages, from royalty down to the literary or professional man, who have pronounced judgment on the city of Champlain. Similar illustrative gleanings could be gathered touching all our other chief centres; and, indeed, from the observations, suggestions and reflections of travellers a fairly consecutive account of our growth as a people might be compiled.

If we start at the Atlantic Coast and take a devious trip across the Continent—on such a plan, for instance, as Dr. Withrow has outlined in "Our Own Country"—we shall find as we proceed from town to town that every locality on our route has some special claims to consideration which are either peculiar to itself or which it enjoys in a way or to an extent that gives it an advantage, in some one respect, over the rest of the Dominion. It may be something in the site and surroundings; some exceptional charm of scenery; some natural advantage, improved by art, for the prosecution of some special industry; it may be the centre of a mining, a lumbering, an agricultural district of rare importance; it may have official pre-eminence as a provincial metropolis; it may be the seat of a university; it may be a fishing town, a railway terminus, or a health resort, or it may combine a number of attractions, every one of which is of interest to a class of tourists or to people generally. Possibly, it may possess advantages of one kind or another that have never been developed through lack of capital, of local enterprise, or of that enduring energy that is essential to success. But, as a rule, wherever families have congregated and a town has grown up to a certain stage in population and prosperity, the original settlers have been drawn thither by some feature or features in the situation that

gave promise of more than a mere livelihood. In ancient times security was the main object, and, if with security could be combined convenience for traffic, so much the better. The slope of a mountain, the summit of some almost inaccessible rock, the bank of a river, or a bay of the sea, with possibilities of defence in the land adjacent, were the sites most commonly chosen. Till a comparatively recent period, indeed, the question of protection against aggressive foes, always presented itself for solution, and unless the other advantages were allied with this requisite, art and toil had to supply what Nature denied. Our own earlier towns and cities were founded with deliberate or instinctive reference to both these essentials. The situation of some of our cities could not be surpassed. Quebec, for instance, was long and is still called the Gibraltar of America. Since the railway movement began, however, the rule of past centuries has undergone material modification. The walled city has virtually become obsolete, the methods both of attack and defence having shared in the revolution that has overtaken the art of war. Cities and towns, which in feudal times were fortresses as well as marts of trade, have during the present century multiplied amazingly. In the New World and in our own generation the pace of development has had no precedent in the history of mankind. Wherever the iron steed has penetrated cities have started to life in his resistless track. The western outposts of civilization, which, in the beginning of the century, were on the hither side of the Mississippi, were year by year pushed farther towards the setting sun, till at last the whole vast region between the two oceans had been opened up to settlement. After the first great central transcontinental line had been followed by like routes to the north and south of it, the same results ensued, and now Canada, which had conceived such an undertaking years before it had met with favour in the United States is undergoing just the same experience.

In this rapid development of city life it is difficult to keep trace of these new claimants on our attention. We hear of a city with an unfamiliar name and we seek in vain for any information concerning it in ordinary works of reference, or we find a few lines devoted to it, as it was in the initial stage of its career. Live business men, however, both in the new centres and in the larger older centres of trade have learned how to meet this want. The latter send out their agents and learn at first hand what the needs of the pioneers may be, and lose no time in supplying the demand. As for the pioneers themselves, they do not await the arrival of the tourist or depend on his book for an introduction to the world. They set to work in a different way. They issue special editions of some good illustrated paper with views of their town, its public buildings, its points of scenic interest, its blocks of business houses, and they fill page after page of letter-press with the history of their city's origin and growth, biographies of its leading merchants and manufacturers, an account of its municipal administration, its water works, its schools, its churches, its parks, its railways, and whatever else is worthy of mention in, around and in connection with it. This plan has been found to work so well in the States that it is now coming into vogue in Canada, and those who have tried it have no hesitation in saying that it pays. It is simply a legitimate application, on a large scale, of the ordinary advertisement. The firms that advertise most largely are, as a rule, the firms that have the most remarkable success. Nor are there any firms, however old, however stable, that may not be benefited by comprehensive and judicious advertising. It has been found the same with cities and towns. To the new communities it is—in some form or other—an absolute necessity, and the old, if they would not be beaten in the race, must keep themselves before the world. Of course, much depends on the manner in which the task is discharged. If a city or town allows itself to be caricatured by unworthy cuts, it must pay the penalty. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and pictorial advertising, to have its due effect on the public mind, should be of the highest attainable excellence.



THE LATE JOHN PAGE, Engineer in Chief of the Canadian Canals.
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



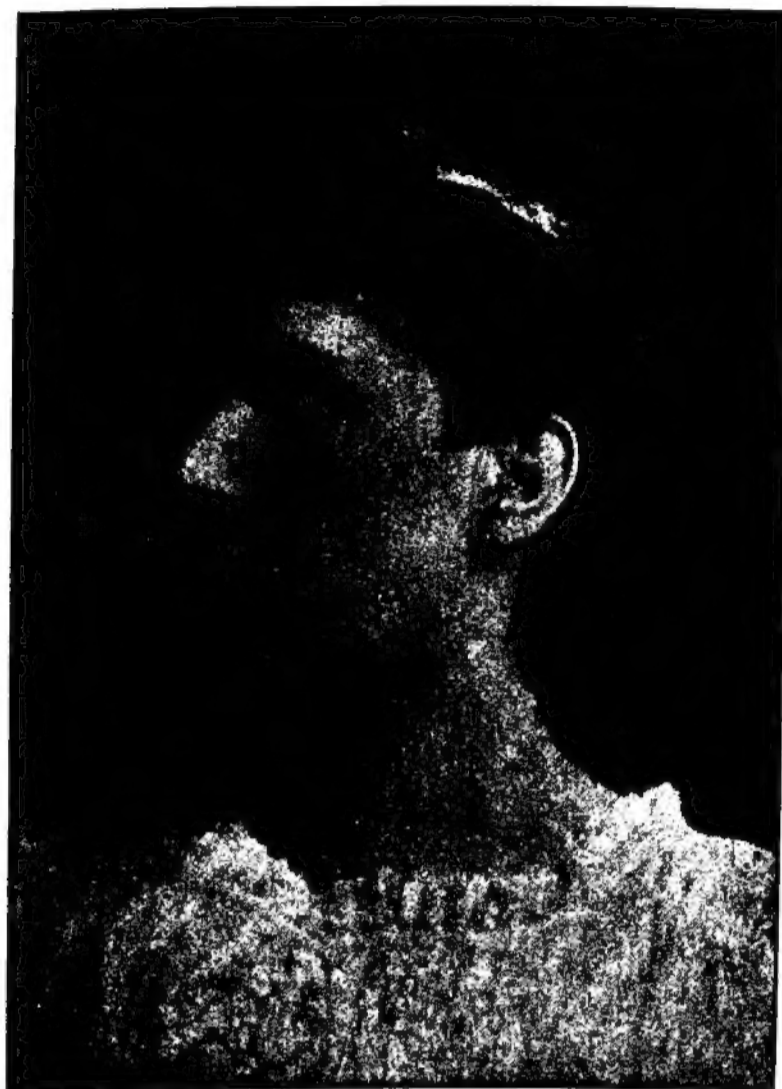
SIR GEORGE SIMPSON,
Formerly Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.



ON ISLE DORVAL, LAKE ST. LOUIS, TEN MILES ABOVE MONTREAL; property of the late Sir George Simpson.



GRANT ALLEN, M.A.



MADAME PAQUET, Soprano, of Quebec.



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF G. W. EADIE, Esq., ON ISLE DORVAL.



A PORTRAIT, FROM THE PAINTING BY J. HOM.—This is a characteristic piece of work by an artist, some of whose pictures have already been reproduced in our columns. There is about it the same clearness of colouring, the same saliency of outline, the same emphasis where emphasis is required to bring out expression and character that we find in nearly all Hom's productions. If not a *chef d'œuvre*, it is a fine striking portrait, pleasant to contemplate and worthy of study as a work of art.

JOHN PAGE, ESQ., C.E.—To several of our readers this portrait will recall a familiar face—that of the late Mr. John Page, whose sudden death on the 2nd of the present month was a source of surprise and deep regret to hundreds of friends throughout the Dominion. By his disappearance Canada has lost one of the most faithful of her sons, a man who has forever stamped the impress of his ability and energy upon the Dominion, and one who leaves behind him in the new Welland Canal, the new Lachine Canal, the system of the enlarged St. Lawrence Canals, and the Sault Canal, now in course of construction, an enduring monument which the rolling years will never be able to efface. Although well advanced in years, Mr. Page's mental faculties were to the last unimpaired. His family has for several years resided at Brockville in a beautiful home embowered in trees, and it was the habit of the deceased every Saturday to proceed there to spend the Sabbath with his family and return to the capital on Monday morning. As, however, Dominion Day happened this year on a Tuesday, he remained at home from Saturday till Wednesday morning, when he returned to Ottawa. He breakfasted as usual at the Russell House and then repaired to his office in the West Block. Passing the office of Mr. Bradley, secretary of the Department, he dropped in for a few minutes for a chat, and incidentally remarked that he had spent the whole of Dominion Day in his study revising the proof of the specifications for the enlargement of the Rapide Plat Canal, tenders for which work are now being asked. He also observed that he never felt in better health in his life. Mr. Page then proceeded to his office. Having hung up his hat, he walked to the desk, and started to lift up the cover as Mr. G. A. Mothersill, his chief clerk, entered the room through the connecting door. As Mr. Page attempted to lift the cover, being in a standing position, he stumbled and fell. Mr. Mothersill ran forward, picked him up and placed him in his chair and then sent a messenger for a doctor. Supposing Mr. Page to be in a fainting fit from the heat, Mr. Mothersill threw water in his face. Under the effect of this Mr. Page revived slightly. In the meantime Dr. Cousens arrived, and shortly afterwards Dr. H. P. Wright. Both gentlemen did all in their power, but it was evident from the moment they saw him that they considered his case hopeless. He spoke to them weakly several times in answer to questions. He lived only about half an hour, passing away in unconsciousness. The cause of death was failure of the heart's action. As an engineer Mr. Page had a grand record. Born in Scotland on the 9th of August, 1815, he served first under the late Robert Stephenson as engineer of the Northern Lighthouse Board. He came to the United States in 1838 and was engaged on the Erie Canal until 1842, when he entered the service of the Canadian Government as resident engineer on the Welland Canal. In September of the same year he was appointed resident engineer of the Junction and Williamsburg Canals, which position he retained during 1850-52. He then filled the position of Superintending Engineer of Canals below Kingston from 1852 to 1853. In 1863 he declined the Deputy Ministership of Public Works. On the 8th of March, 1864, he was appointed Chief Engineer of Public Works of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and on the 15th of March Chief Engineer of Public Works of Canada. The survey for the Welland Canal enlargement was commenced in 1870, and from 1872 to 1873 the late Mr. Page was engaged in making reports on the enlargement of the canals from Lake Erie to Montreal. On the 10th of December, 1873, he made a report on the proposed Bay Verte Canal. On the 16th of February, 1880, he presented a special and general report on the canals of the River St. Lawrence. He was Chief Engineer of Canals from 1879 up to the time of his death, and altogether had been 47 years in the service of the Government. Mr. Page was married on June 12, 1852, to Miss Elizabeth Grant Wylie, daughter of Dr. Alexander Wylie, of the County of Dundas, by whom he had seven children, four sons and three daughters. Mrs. Page, two sons and the daughters survive him.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.—The portrait which we here present to our readers is that of a man who for fifty years wielded a power which, as to the area over which it extended and the interests which it affected, might be compared to that of some of the sovereigns of the earth. It is now thirty years since Sir George Simpson passed away, but his name will long be associated with the closing years of the old régime in the North-West, where his influence was extraordinary. He was born in Ross-shire, Scotland, and there he passed his youth. In 1809 he moved to London and entered into business. After devoting himself to commercial pursuits for about eleven years, through the Earl of Selkirk, with whom he had come in contact, he

was selected to take a leading part in the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company. There was at that time a sharp rivalry between that body and the North-West Company, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Simpson to conciliate the latter and to effect a union of the two. He reached Montreal in May, 1820, and his ability was quickly recognized by the officers of the company here. He was appointed Governor after the coalition, and general superintendent of the company's affairs in North America. His peculiar talents as an administrator found ample scope in reconciling conflicting interests, abating personal jealousies and organizing expeditions. The journeys of Messrs. Dease and Simpson, of Dr. Rae, and of Messrs. Anderson and Stewart owed their success very largely to his arrangements and knowledge of character. The Queen, in acknowledgment of his merits and services, conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Nearly fifty years ago he undertook his famous journey round the world, of which he wrote an account, which is still consulted with advantage both for what relates to the North-West and for the description of old-world scenes. In his later years Sir George Simpson resided at Lachine. In 1860, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to Canada, he superintended the novel entertainment given in honour of His Royal Highness. His reception as a guest of the son of his Queen was his last public act. He was soon after seized with apoplexy, and on the 7th of September, 1860, he closed his long and remarkable career. In addition to his position as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir George Simpson was associated with some of the most important of Canada's monetary institutions, having been successively a director of the Bank of British North America and of the Bank of Montreal. In 1830 Sir George Simpson married the daughter of Geddes M. Simpson, Esq., who died in 1853, leaving a son and three daughters.

GRANT ALLEN.—It is much to be able to add new truths to the stock of human knowledge; it is scarcely less to be able to bestow these truths upon the multitude. Among the writers who have received inspiration from the loftiest thinkers of our time, and brought their thoughts in an attractive and helpful way before the people, Grant Allen holds an honoured place. He was born at Kingston, Ont., February 24th, 1848. His father, Rev. J. A. Allen, still resides in the Limestone City. When twelve years of age Grant Allen was taken to England and entered King Edward's School in Birmingham. Thence he went to Oxford, where he graduated in 1871 with high honours. Two years afterwards he was appointed professor of logic and philosophy in Queen's College, Spanish Town, Jamaica, and from 1874 to 1877 he was that institution's principal. Since 1877 Mr. Allen has lived in England, of late years making his home in Dorking. As a boy he early evinced the talents which have won him fame. His delight in collecting flowers and insects and in observing the habits of birds and animals was keen. He soon passed from the pleasure of collecting curious and beautiful specimens to the higher pleasure of classifying them, and trying to understand how they had come to be what they were. It was natural, therefore, that he should enthusiastically espouse the philosophy of evolution, the philosophy which reads in the structure of a flower or the anatomy of an insect, not only its genealogical record, but the story of the interplay of a thousand moulding forces—competitive and friendly. In deciphering the evidence which the strawberry presents in its pulpy fruit, or the butterfly in its painted wings, he has shown how intricate the alliances and the wars of which placid groves and fields have been the theatre from the day when life first dawned on our planet. Mr. Allen is not only happy in his gifts of observation and insight, he is equally fortunate in possessing rare powers of exposition. In this doubtless his experience as a teacher has been of service to him. He never forgets how difficulties loom in the minds of those who have as yet but entered the vestibule of the temple of science; that if they are to proceed farther into its heights and depths they must have plenty of light, a sympathetic guide, and permission to take their own time. Mr. Allen has not only made plain to ordinary readers the truths of evolution as won by Darwin and Spencer, he has made valuable additions to the philosophy of development in his "Physiological Esthetics," published in 1877. This work ably traverses the ground common to both physiology and psychology; and psychology it is which Mr. Allen conceives to be the science wherein he may yet do his best work. His published volumes comprise "Colour Sense," 1879; "Anglo-Saxon Britain," 1880; "Vignettes from Nature," 1871; "Colours of Flowers," 1882; "Flowers and their Pedigrees," 1884; "Charles Darwin," 1885; "Force and Energy," 1888; and "Falling in Love, and other Essays on more exact Branches of Science," 1889. In 1884 Mr. Allen turned his versatile pen to fiction, writing "Strange Stories," for which his Jamaican experience gave suggestion. Then followed "Philistia," "For Mamie's Sake," "Babylon," and "In all Shades." Mr. Allen, in addition to his authorship in books, is a voluminous writer for the press, contributing thereto at times poems of singular grace and felicity. During the summer of 1886 he revisited Canada, renewing old friendships and creating many new ones, for in his case the man is even more charming than the author.—G. I.

MADAME PAQUET.—Madame E. T. Paquet, wife of the Hon. E. T. Paquet, ex Provincial Secretary, and late Sheriff of Quebec, whose portrait we have much pleasure in publishing, is one of Canada's most gifted amateur singers. Descended on both sides from two of the oldest families in France and Britain, this lady enjoys a high

social position. She was born in Three Rivers, and is the daughter of Mr. Charles Auguste Larue, the founder and late proprietor of the famous St. Maurice Iron Works. Her brother was the late Capt. Larue, of "B" Battery, whose fine voice is well remembered by all lovers of music. Madame Paquet early evinced a strong passion for the art which she has so faithfully followed as an amateur. Her preliminary studies were made at the Sillery Convent, Quebec, under teachers of great skill and competency. She soon took a high position among her fellow-pupils. During her sojourn in Paris she embraced every opportunity which presented itself of hearing the prominent artists in the choicest programmes. At Montreal she took lessons in singing, and afterwards went to New York, where she distinguished herself at the academy of Madame Murio-Celli, the eminent professor of Emma Abbott, Emma Juch and other American prima donnas. Madame Celli was enamored with Madame Paquet's voice, which she pronounced one of the sweetest that she had ever heard. She made excellent progress with this lady, and but for family and personal reasons could easily have won a strong professional position on the lyric stage. Madame Paquet sang at the charity concert given in Quebec last May by Madame Albani, and shared the honours of the evening with that distinguished Canadian prima donna. She also sang with Mr. Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor, winning from the best critics only expressions of high praise, the Montreal Gazette saying that she "immediately conquered her audience." Of her singing at the Albani concert, the Quebec Chronicle remarked with truth: "Madame E. T. Paquet, who possesses a voice which is singularly sympathetic, finely modulated and peculiarly well-adapted for devotional singing, rendered Gounod's 'Ave Maria' in a superior manner. She was enthusiastically applauded, and won great praise by the feeling manner in which she brought out the rare beauties and rich melody of this sublime creation,—an air which tests the skill and voice of all great singers. The test was well sustained by Mrs. Paquet. Her performance merited, in the highest degree, the hearty burst of applause which followed, and when she returned to the stage in response to the encore and sang part of the composition over again, she was presented with a handsome bouquet of white and red roses." She has sung with brilliant effect in Gounod's "Faust" and other operas. In simple English, Scotch and French ballads which touch the heart, she has also gained great applause. Her manner on the stage is pleasing, unaffected and modest, and her voice is a rich and full soprano. This lady's assured social position ensures her always the *entrée* to all our aristocratic circles, where she is a great favourite. At the evening parties and receptions given by the wives of the Governors-General and Lieut.-Governors, and notably at the "At Homes" of the Princess Louise and the Marchioness of Lansdowne she has been ever a central figure, and with her usual kindness has complied with the oft-repeated request and rendered in faultless manner gems from her extensive repertoire.

ISLE DORVAL, AT PRESENT THE RESIDENCE OF G. W. EADIE, ESQ.—The scene in our engraving, one of the most charming in Canada, has for some two hundred years had associations, more or less intimate, with some of the most distinguished characters in our history. As early as 1673 (as we learn from "Le Vieux Lachine," the admirable repository of the annals and traditions of Lachine and its neighbourhood, prepared by D. Girouard, Esq., Q.C., LL.D., M.P., on the occasion of the bi-centennial of the massacre at that place), the islands of Courcelles or Dorval were conceded to M. de Fenelon, brother of the illustrious Archbishop of Cambrai, who played an important rôle in the controversies of Frontenac's first administration. The property, after undergoing some changes, fell into the hands of Sir George Simpson, with the closing years of whose long governorship of the Hudson's Bay Company it is still connected in the minds of old Lachinois. It still belongs to Sir George's heirs, from whom Mr. Eadie has leased it. As a memorial of an interesting event, which took place shortly before Sir George's death, and, indeed, was destined to mark his last appearance in public, we append an account (taken from the Montreal Gazette of the time) of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Isle Dorval, and of the novel entertainment organized in honour of His Royal Highness: On Wednesday, the 20th inst. (August, 1860), the canoe excursion given by the Hudson's Bay Company to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, came off with complete success from Sir George Simpson's beautiful country residence—Isle Dorval—about three miles above Lachine. The weather, which had been threatening in the morning, cleared up in the afternoon, and was everything that could be desired. After the review, which took place in the morning was over, the Prince of Wales and suite drove out to Lachine by the upper road, meeting a hearty reception along the whole route; but more especially at the village of Lachine, where the residents had made great exertions to do the Prince due honour. For a considerable distance pine trees had been planted on each side of the street; a profusion of flags and garlands decorated the houses, and (short as had been the time for preparation) no less than eight or nine triumphal arches spanned the road. The first seen was near the toll-bar, erected by Mr. Duff. Among others, we noticed that at the Hudson's Bay House, the residence of Sir George Simpson; at the Ottawa Hotel; at the Lachine Brewery (Dawes & Sons); and at the residence of Mr. Hopkins (H. B. Co. service). At a point opposite Isle Dorval (also the property of Sir G. Simpson), the royal party quitted their carriages to embark in boats sent up for the purpose from the vessels of war lying in our

harbour. The scene at this moment was unrivalled in interest and picturesque effect—one never to be forgotten by those (comparatively few in number) who witnessed it. His Royal Highness, in warm terms, expressed his surprise and gratification at the demonstration, of which we will endeavour to give some faint idea. The site was well chosen; the channel, less than a mile in width, flows between fields now ripe for the harvest, sloping to the water's edge, and the dense foliage and verdant lawns of Isle Dorval, fresh with recent showers and brilliant with sunshine. A flotilla of nine large birch-bark canoes was drawn up in a line close to the head of the island. Their appearance was very beautiful; the light and graceful craft were painted and fitted up with great taste, each having flags at the bow and stern; their crew, composed of 100 Iroquois Indians, from Caughnawaga and the Lake of Two Mountains, being costumed *en sauvage*, gay with feathers, scarlet cloth and paint—the crews and craft harmonising admirably. As soon as the barge carrying the Prince pushed off from the mainland, the fleet of canoes darted out from the island to meet him in a line abreast, and to the inspiring cadences of a voyageur song. On nearing the royal barge, the line opened in the middle, apparently to let it pass; but, suddenly wheeling round with a rapidity and precision which took every one by surprise, they again formed in line, with the Prince's barge in the middle, and in that form reached the landing-place, when the canoe-song ceased, and a cheer it did one's heart good to hear burst from the voyageurs, which His Royal Highness, with a face beaming with pleasure, returned, by saluting his Indian escort. The Prince of Wales was received on landing by Sir George Simpson, and soon afterwards luncheon was served to a select party, invited to meet His Royal Highness, by Lieut.-General Sir Fenwick Williams, who at present occupies the island as the owner's guest. Being a private entertainment, a complete list of the names of those present has not been furnished us; but we understand that there were about forty at table. Sir F. Williams, as the host, had the Prince on one side of him and Sir George Simpson on the other. Among other guests were the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons, Marquis of Chandos, Earl Mulgrave, Lord Hinchinbrook, Bishop of Montreal, Bishop of Rupert's Land, General Bruce, Mr. Engleheart, Major Teesdale (Equerry), Col. Taché, Col. Bradford, Col. Rollo, Mr. A. McKenzie (H. B. Co.), Mr. Hopkins (H. B. Co.), Admiral Milne, Capt. Vansittart, R.N., Mr. Blackwell, Captain Earl, A.D.C., Captain De Winton, &c., &c. No ladies were invited, nor were any present, except three immediately connected with Sir George Simpson, viz., Mrs. Hopkins and her sister, Miss Beechey, and Mrs. McKenzie. Justice having been done to the elegant repast, the party strolled about to admire the beauty of the place, while the band of the Royal Canadian Rifles performed on the lawn, and the birch-bark fleet, in full song, paddled round the island. About half-past four the party embarked in the canoes and proceeded, in great style and at a rapid pace, towards Lachine; one bearing the royal standard and carrying the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle and General Williams, taking the lead, while the remainder, in line abreast, followed close behind it. About the centre of the brigade we observed Sir George Simpson (accompanied by the Earl of Mulgrave and General Bruce, both old fellow-voyageurs of Sir George's) directing the movements in person. Passing down close along the north shore, the flotilla at that point again executed the extraordinary evolution of wheeling round in line, and then crossed the St. Lawrence to Caughnawaga, where crowds of red and white faces lined the bank to see the royal procession pass. After passing along the whole length of the village, a halt was called, and the canoes ordered to head up stream and mount the current in "Indian style," till again opposite Lachine, where the line was formed, as before, and the river recrossed to the railroad wharf, where the steamer Kingston was lying to receive the party on board. As soon as the embarkation was completed, the canoes draw off, giving a parting cheer in capital style, which was replied to from the steamer and the crowds on shore. The Kingston quickly cast off her moorings, and, running down the Lachine Rapids, landed the Prince and his party in Montreal about half past seven, where carriages were in attendance for them on the wharf. We are enabled to state that the Prince, and all who had the good fortune to be with him, entirely enjoyed the whole affair; which, from its peculiarities and successful management, will probably make a more lasting impression on His Royal Highness than anything else that has been, or will be, done to entertain him in this country. We consider the Hudson's Bay Company are entitled to the thanks of the Canadian public for their liberality and spirit in getting up this unique excursion; which, besides gratifying our royal visitor, afforded a most agreeable holiday to several thousand persons, who were enabled to witness the scene from the shores of the noble St. Lawrence.

YACHTING ON LAKE ST. LOUIS—A DRIFTING RACE.—To the lovers of yachting the scene in our engraving tells its own tale. Prior to the foundation of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club in 1888, yachting on Lake St. Louis had been in a chaotic condition. Each boat club included in its annual regatta programme a sweepstake race, sailed under its own rules and over its own course, with no attempt at classification and little systematic time allowance. The club now holds each year a series of interesting races, and its rules govern all local regattas. The time allowance is that of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, corrected length, but the classification is still by load water line,—1st class, 26 feet and over; 2nd class, 21 feet and 26 feet;

3rd class, under 21 feet. Following the example of other clubs, however, a committee is now at work collecting data during this season with the view of introducing a better system of classification. During the first two seasons racing the club did not deem it expedient to alter the time-honoured custom of shifting ballast, but in the autumn of 1889 it was decided at a general meeting to limit the crew to "one man for every three feet of water line or a fraction thereof," and to allow no shifting of ballast during the race. The beneficial results of this change are already seen. The position of the old flyers is little changed, but there is a general tendency to reduce the large rig of the "sand-bagger" and get the ballast outside. The Lulu (l.w.l., 26-6; beam, 10-5; 2-2) a typical boat of the shifting ballast era, was built in New York in 1881. After there taking first place in eight championship races, she held the championship of Lake Champlain for three years. She was first sailed here as a cat boat in the season of 1888, and after a series of close contests with the Madge, took the Commodore's Cup with four out of seven races. In 1889 she was changed to a sloop, and although considered a better boat than the year before, lost the championship to the Minnie A, winning three out of seven races. She has this year had her rig much reduced and lead ballast substituted for her sandbags, her length increased, and put into the first class, where she has won the two races already sailed. She now carries the Vice Commodore's flag. Besides her club record, she has won many of the local regattas. The Minnie A has been claimed by several builders, but we believe was built in Belleville after Cuthbert's design. She has made a wonderful record for herself on the upper river and the Bay of Quinté, being one of the most successful examples of the comparatively narrow boats produced by the old Thames rule. She holds the championship of 1889 and two races in this year's second class series—(l.w.l., 25-8; beam, 8-4; draught, 1-10.) The Ishkoodah for the last three seasons has retired from active racing, although at one time she was to be seen at every race, her former owner, the late Commodore Greenshields, being a most enthusiastic yachtsman, and one of the principal founders of the club. The Ishkoodah is of local design and construction, and is regarded as one of our comfortable boats rather than a racer. The Pearl, a third class sloop, belonging to the Messrs. Routh Bros., is also a local boat, being first known as the Amanda, then the Marga. She has not been systematically raced, but in the few races entered she has shown a good turn of speed, especially in smooth water, even beating some of the best first and second class. She has won two local regattas and has won two second places in this year's series—(l.w.l., 20-0; beam, 9-6; draught-14.) The Madge, built by Edwards, of Gananoque, was brought here by A. G. Walsh in 1888, and that season pressed the Lulu very close for the championship, winning three out of seven races, and, including the local regattas, making the best record for the season. She now belongs to Mr. T. C. Davidson and seldom enters any of the races—(l.w.l., 21; beam, 9; draught-20.) The Chaperon is a new boat of the first-class. She was built in Hamilton for E. S. Clouston from designs of A. E. Jarvis. She is a representative of the type of boat that is likely to come into most favour on the Lake, her draught being about the limit for comfort. She is a modern, powerful centreboarder, with 4,000 lbs. ballast, all outside; an exaggerated overhang forward and aft and a full cutter rig. It is expected that when she gets into racing fettle, she will do well in the matter of speed—(l.w.l., 26-6; beam, 10; draught, 3.) The Valda, the present flagship, was built this year by St. Onge, at Lachine, from her owner's designs. She is in the third class, and, like the Chaperon, is a modern, heavily ballasted centreboarder. She holds the first place in her class this year, having won the two races already sailed—(l.w.l., 20-10; beam, 8; draught, 2-3.)

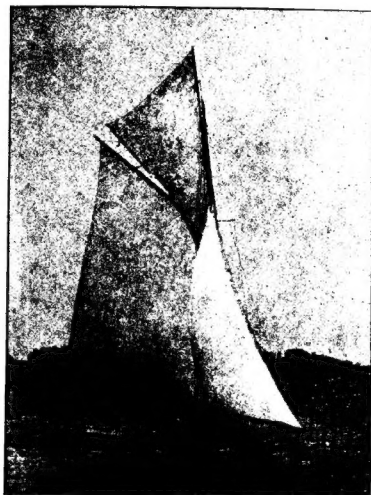
THE MONUMENT NATIONAL.—FÊTES AT SOHMER PARK ON THE 24TH AND 25TH OF JUNE.—The preparations for the fêtes at Sohmer Park in aid of the Monument National had been so complete that the interruption, caused by an untimely downpour, was a double disappointment. As the afternoon passed on and the clouds showed signs of breaking a couple of thousand people made their way to the park, determined that even the inclement weather should not dampen their enthusiasm in so patriotic a cause. And, even despite the rain, they were well paid for the visit. The park was a perfect bower of beauty. Its natural attractions of greenery had been reinforced by tastefully arranged groups of flags of all nations, with national coats-of-arms placed at intervals all over the ground. The entrance was handsomely draped with bunting and appropriate mottoes, while the old homestead was a mass of colour. All these decorations were put up by Mr. Beullac, and reflected much credit upon his good taste. At the back of the band-stand the handsome banner of the association occupied a place of honour and was much admired. But attractive as were the decorations on the grounds, they paled into insignificance beside the bevy of feminine beauty. Energetic ladies seduced the unwary spectator into the purchase of tasteful *boutonnieres* at midwinter prices; of cigars which they did not need; of tickets for the *Tombola*, wherein were gathered hundreds of attractive articles for those lucky enough to win them; or of refreshments, which the unpleasant weather rendered a drug on the market. But it was all for a good cause, and the victims parted willingly with their quarters and half-dollars and dollars with a frequency that must have rejoiced the hearts of the lovely vendors. The Mayoress, Madame Jacques Grenier, presided at the refreshment booth, which was neatly decorated

with red and yellow, and was assisted by Mrs. Justice Jetté, Mrs. C. Laberge, Mrs. J. B. Resther, Mrs. Louis Allard, Mrs. Z. Prevost, Mrs. Brousseau, Mrs. F. L. Beique, Mrs. Demers, Mrs. Michel Thivierge, Miss Desjardins, Miss Poirier and Miss Beaudry. The cigar and cigarette booth, which was covered over by a very handsome Japanese umbrella, was presided over by Mrs. George A. Hughes, who was assisted by Mrs. Perodeau, Mrs. Rinfret, Miss Buckley, Miss Ouimet, Miss Delorme, Miss Tressler and Miss Bachand. The *Tombola*, one of the centres of attraction, was in charge of Mrs. A. G. Ouimet, president, Mrs. De Gonzague as vice-president, Mrs. Schwob, Mrs. Larocque, Mrs. Prevost, Mrs. Justice Ouimet, Mrs. E. Charland, Mrs. Leblanc, Miss Labelle, Miss Starnes, Miss Hoult, Miss Mount and Miss Grace Loranger. One of the most attractive corners was the horticultural booth, the tri-coloured canopy and decorations of which made a pleasing counterfoil to the bright green foliage and variegated colours of the flowers for sale. It was presided over by Hon. Mrs. J. R. Thibault, who was assisted by Mrs. Casgrain, Mrs. Maze, Mrs. Amos, Miss Baby, Miss Dorion, Miss Barnard, Miss Olivier, Miss Geoffrion, Miss Masson, Miss Hubert, Miss Roy, Miss Tavernier, Miss Archambault, Miss Barbeau, Miss Sicotte, Miss McCallum and Miss Macdonald. The ice-cream booth on the river side was in charge of Mrs. G. A. Laramee, assisted by Mrs. St. Onge, Mrs. Dumouchel, Mrs. A. Lamarche, Mrs. Finn, Mrs. F. X. Choquette, Mrs. G. Boivin, Mrs. D. Rolland, Mrs. G. B. L. Rolland, Mrs. G. Archambault, Mrs. J. L. Archambault, Mrs. Foucher, Mrs. L. Lesage, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. L. N. Dumouchel, Mrs. Oswald Rene de Cotret, Miss Jetté, Miss Papineau, Miss Dauphin, the Misses Rolland, Miss Dagenais, the Misses Hudon, Miss St. Denis, Miss Marchand, Miss David, Miss L. E. Pelletier, Miss G. L. Pelletier, Miss Bouthillier, Miss Charlebois (Laprairie), Miss Parent, Miss E. Dansereau and Miss Lacaille. But, in spite of the hopefulness and good humour of the visitors, it was found impossible to do justice to the programme till the weather changed for the better. Mr. L. O. David, Q.C., therefore, announced a postponement of the fêtes till the following day, and the fine weather of the 25th compensated many for their disappointment. Thousands attended the afternoon and evening entertainments, and the various stalls were liberally patronized; in fact, the most hardened and cynical were tempted by the bewitching smiles of the ladies. The evening entertainment was especially brilliant. The grounds were aglow with myriads of Chinese lanterns and coloured lights, and a profuse display of fireworks added to the brilliancy of the scene. The park was literally packed with a dense mass of humanity, and there must have been nearly ten thousand people in attendance. The stalls did a rushing business, and the drawing of the *Tombola* passed off quietly. The music was especially fine; in fact, the band surpassed all its former efforts. During the intermission several speeches were made. Mr. L. O. David, president of St. Jean Baptiste society, expressed regret at the absence of Premier Mercier, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Mr. Laurier and Mr. L. O. Taillon, who were expected to have been present, but who found it impossible to attend. Mr. David expressed satisfaction at the magnificent attendance, and made a fervent appeal to his hearers to assist in building the National Monument, which would be a lasting sign of their patriotism. The St. Jean Baptiste celebration, he said, would show the people of the other provinces that the French-Canadians were determined to maintain their nationality at all hazards. He then introduced Dr. L. H. Fréchette, the Canadian poet laureate, who recited one of his patriotic poems, which was received with great enthusiasm. Ald. Cunningham, representing the Mayor and Corporation, congratulated his French-Canadian citizens on the success of their celebration. Mr. Rudolphe Lemieux delivered a patriotic address, and was followed by Mr. Deladurantaye and several others, who contributed to the entertainment and instruction of the large audience. Altogether, a most enjoyable time was passed by the assemblage which did not disperse till an advanced hour in the evening.

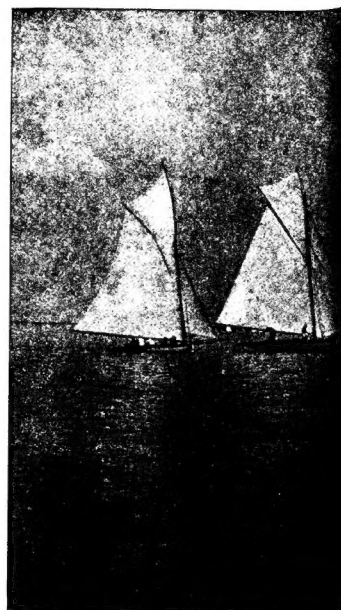
THE LEARY RAFT.—The view presented in our engraving would some years ago have been a world's wonder to lumbermen. When our rivers, small and great, had been mastered and the huge bulk of lumber had been brought within reach of the vessel that should convey it to the ocean, its career as a raft was naturally supposed to be over. Some seven years ago, however, it occurred to a thrifty and ingenious New Brunswicker that a good deal of outlay might be saved—of course, at some considerable risk, if the timber, fashioned securely and of proportions worthy of such a venture, should be sent to sea and towed to its destination, Portland or Boston or New York, without the trouble and expense of shipment. The experiment, in spite of hazards and occasional breakage, proved successful enough to make it worth while to repeat it—at least with the less valuable lumber. In the middle of last month Mr. J. D. Leary chartered two powerful tug boats from New York to tow to that port a huge raft of piling got out for Mr. Leary and ex-United States Consul Murray on Grand Lake and brought down the St. John River. The whole raft contains seventeen cribs or sections, each 40 feet wide and from 50 to 80 feet long, slightly oval-shaped and about 9 feet deep. The piling all runs lengthwise and a chain of 1½ inch iron runs through the centre connecting all the cribs together and allowing about seven or eight feet sea room between each two. Each crib contains over 500 pieces of piling, making nearly 9,000 pieces in all. Each crib is bound by six wire cables around it,



THE MINNIE A.



THE MADGE.

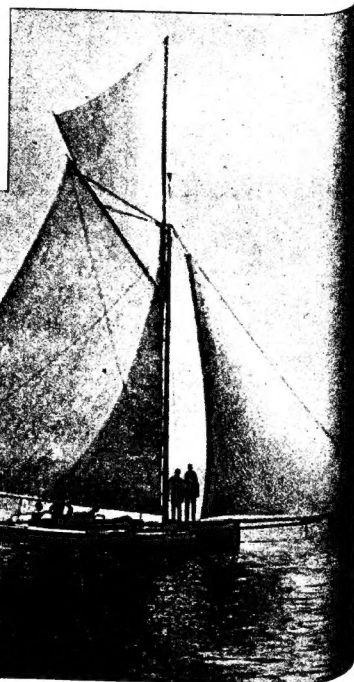


Pearl.

Chaparron.

THE "DRIFTING" RACE.

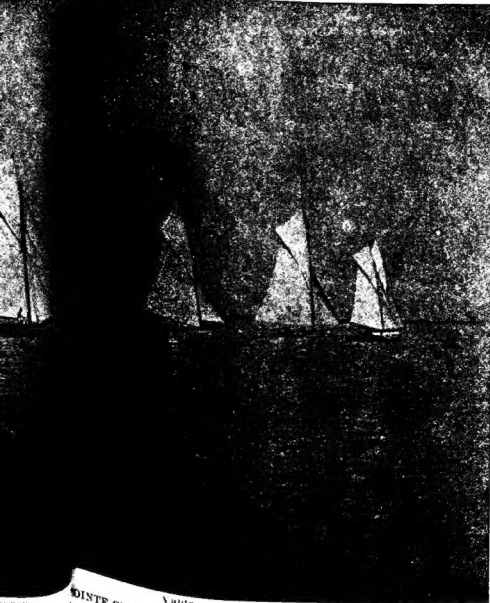
POINTE CLAUDE



THE LULU.

THE YACHTING SEASON.
(From the Dominion Illustrated.)

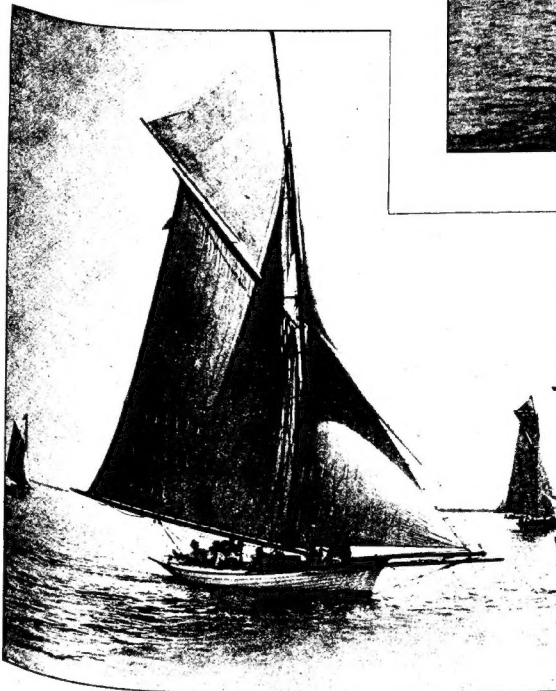
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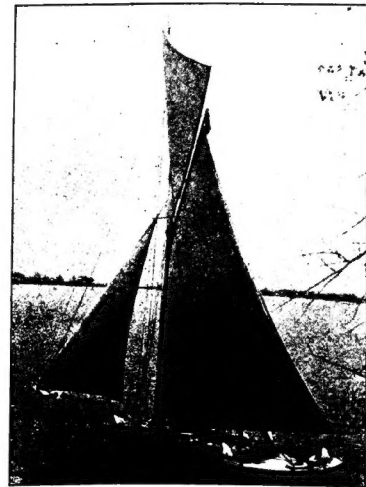
Vada, Lamb, Black Eagle, Minnie A.
 BOISTE CLAIRE ON THE 21st JUNE.



THE PEARL.



THE VALDA.



THE ISCHOODAH.

OF THE LAKE ST. LOUIS YACHTS.
 (From the
 Season's
 Cummings & Brewster.)

hauled taut by a donkey engine. When the tow was under way the distance from the foremost tugboat to the rear of the crib was 3,000 feet. Some seven or eight years ago some cribs of piling were towed from St. John to New York, but no such large scheme as this was ever tried before. Other cribs are now being constructed up the river in Queen's County, where Mr. Leary has purchased thirty square miles of timber land. The timber is of no great value except for such purposes as that for which a large portion of the present tow will be used—that is, for cribbing the river front of the Astor lands on the Harlem River, where Mr. Leary has a big contract. The timber includes pine, spruce, tamarac and fir. Mr. Leary saves several thousand dollars in freights by towing this raft, which would furnish cargoes for seventeen small schooners. There is said to be an unlimited supply of such timber in New Brunswick, and the experiment (which schooner men engaged in the piling trade naturally regard with disfavour) is likely to be repeated. With practice it is expected that the difficulties and delays which attend every unwonted undertaking at first may with care and skill be avoided.

THE ROBERVAL LUMBER COMPANY'S MILLS, LAKE ST. JOHN.—This scene shows what enterprise and energy are accomplishing in that old-new north, so long awaiting development at our doors, but only recently endowed with those advantages of communication with the outer world, without which no community, however thrifty, can expect to prosper and progress. We have already, in connection with the opening up of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, given extracts from the writings of Mr. S. Drapeau, the Hon. M. Bouchet de la Bruere, Mr. Arthur Buies and Mr. J. M. LeMoine, illustrative of the physical resources, colonization, industries, scenery and sporting facilities of the great region thus made accessible to the people of our cities. The portion of the lake shores, which is the *locus* of the industrial undertaking here illustrated, is among the most charming in the whole entourage. It has long been noted, moreover, for its splendid water power—a privilege which naturally attracted the attention of capitalists. Mills on a minor scale have been in operation here for years, but the Roberval Lumber Company has given a fresh impulse to the progress of the district, which is gradually transforming it into one of the most important industrial centres in the whole region.

July Musings.

June, the threshold to the charmed world of summer, has come and gone, leaving behind it pleasant recollections of meeting once more with old friends of the garden. Linger still with us is the queen of them all—the rose—her dainty fragrance still hovers over the garden as though she were loath to take leave of the worshipful courtiers who bow at her shrine.

Happy the possessor of a garden filled with the genuine, old-fashioned cabbage roses, whose perfume is so much more powerful than those grown in hot houses, and from which the rose jar can be replenished, while others less fortunate have to depend on the florist to save petals that are too often killed.

While many new and beautiful varieties of roses are added yearly to our store, the moss-rose seems to have almost vanished from our midst; and yet, what fairer flower could one wish to see? As a German poet has beautifully expressed it, its birth was given by the Angel of the Flowers, who, falling asleep beneath a rose tree, awoke and, grateful for the sweet shade, told the rose to ask what she would and it would be granted her:

"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought—
What grace was there the flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—'o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in Nature's simplest weed
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

And so we breathe a sigh of regret for June, with its many charms. But July brings its own sweetness as well, and we could not well spare its sultry days, which ripen for us such infinite variety of fruit, and cause the seed so carefully sown in the earlier months to spring forth, tall and strong. And then, there are days in this month which combine both summer and a faint touch of autumn days, when simply to exist is joy, when the beauty of Nature speaks to the heart and compels even the would-be atheist to acknowledge the all-powerful hand of One who can create such wondrous loveliness.

A summer evening! What a world of hidden beauty lies in these simple words! If the days are lovely, what of the evenings? Evenings when the glories of the heavens seem to vie with those of earth. When, between daylight and starlight, the arched floor of heaven is slightly covered with roseate clouds, and in the west the faint, luminous light left by the departed sun lingers like a halo round the place. Then there comes to view the magnificent star of the evening (Venus) who for a time reigns supreme in the vast expanse. Later rises the moon, veiling the lesser light of the planets and increasing the sublime beauty of the heavens. Sound there is none, save the slight rustling of the trees as their thickly-foliated boughs are swept by the passing breeze. It is at such moments that the soul, loosed from the shackles of the day, holds its closest communion with the Great Father Creator, whose untiring, watchful and tender carefiness seems to shine at such times so clearly into the soul, which gives back an answering throb of love.

MORDUE.

Yachting on the St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence Yacht Club was only organized in the spring of 1888, and it has attained such a measure of success under such adverse and exceptional conditions as to make a decidedly interesting organization. Although Montreal is a sea port, it is so because it stands on the banks of a river, and no matter how great a river is, the facilities which it affords for yachting are not such as to make the development of the sport possible upon a grand scale, or even easy upon any scale. Practically, the yachtsmen of Montreal are restricted for home cruising and racing to the waters of Lake St. Louis, and although there is plenty of room for a ten mile course on this sheet of water, it is unfortunately so thinly spread out over certain shoals and shallows that the limit of draft for boats intended for general use upon it is between 30 and 40in. This, of course, prevents the general use of boats as large as those which make up the smaller regular classes on the coast and the lakes, and of course restricts the development of the sport greatly.

Then, too, although Montreal is connected with the sea by a 30ft. channel, with the Great Lakes by a 12ft. channel, and with the Hudson with a 4ft. channel, the position of the city, the nature of these channels and the character of her yachting waters combine to isolate her yachtsmen to a very decided degree. The stimulus of outside racing can never be looked for, and that best of object lessons, a good sound beating from a foreigner, can never be administered to local self-satisfaction and ignorance. This isolation also by limiting the market for boats, and by making it difficult to obtain yachting supplies, makes the sport a comparatively costly one, and increases greatly the worry and bother of fitting up boats. Up to the present time, also, the facilities for hauling out, repairing, fitting out, or building new boats have been as inadequate as under the general conditions they might be expected to be.

That, however, yachting did not make greater progress than it has done in the vicinity of Montreal during the past twenty years, was less because of the disadvantageous natural conditions than because the artificial condition under which racing was carried on were such as to make development impossible. There was a yacht club with its headquarters established upon a low reach of the river but the principal yearly function was a moonlight excursion on a steamer, while its members were, generally speaking, so exhausted by their attempts to comply with the regulations as to uniform as to be unable to do anything else. Four or five sweep-stake races were sailed yearly on Lake St. Louis under the auspices of the local boat clubs, but there was no classification, few rules and less race management. Shifting ballast was allowed, there was no limit upon anything, dexterity, in building a wall of sandbags up to windward was the principal thing brought out by the racing. In those golden days of Montreal yachting, a 19ft. cat-rigged boat, designed and sailed by the present Commodore of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club, made an extraordinary record. She won in two or three years of steady racing nearly every race she entered, and her prize winnings during her racing life amounted to more than her first cost.

During its active existence of only two seasons, the St. Lawrence Yacht Club has secured a membership of 108, has enrolled upon its squadron list 30 boats, which class as yachts, 28 that class as skiffs, and 31 steamers. It has reduced chaos in the matter of classification into something approaching order, and class and series racing has been introduced. Shifting ballast and unlimited crews have been killed, the best measurement rule that could be found adopted, and during the season the great question of classification is to be fairly grappled with.

The most important result of the club's work, however, apart from reviving the flagship interests of Montrealeers in the sport, is that a beginning has been made under the club's auspices, at the building up of a fleet of boats adapted to all local conditions and in accordance with the best modern practices.

The club's fleet was last season more remarkable for its variety than for anything else. A two and a half beam boat, built to race under the length over all or mean length rule of New York Bay, was fairly matched by a three beam, inside ballast sloop from the Great Lakes, and between them these two boats made the racing in the second class; the rest were out of it. In the third class a 19ft. compromise cutter was raced against a very light clinker-built 20 footer, and was shamefully beaten. Indeed, the principal interest of the season centred in a duel between the Yukwa, a 20ft. Sauvé skiff, rigged and fitted like a canoe, and a wider, deeper boat, the Creda, rigged as a sloop.

This year, however, two new compromise boats, the Chaperon and the Valda, have been added to the fleet, and the Breeze, a deep Cuthbert boat, has had her ballast put outside and been completely fitted up for racing. The Chaperon is a very fine boat, but the Valda, the 21-footer, Mr. Duggan has designed for himself and had built under his eye by a local builder, is the more interesting craft of the two. She is clinker built, and her hull is extremely light, while it is to all appearance as strong as is necessary. She has a very broad, flat keel, with 500lbs. outside and about 1,600lbs. inside, and is probably as roomy, comfortable and capable a little craft as can be built on 21ft. waterline and 30in. draft.

The first class skiffs were for the first two years of the club's existence the best racing stock it had, but this year but one addition has been made to it, the Freya, a most beautiful three-man canoe, which Sauvé has recently finished for Mr. W. S. Wallace, who last year in the Yukwa made

such a splendid record for himself and his boat. The newly-formed St. Lawrence Skiff Association promise to make their 22ft. three-men canoes (they are in build, rig, appearance, fittings and lines racing canoes) a very popular type of boat on the St. Lawrence. —*Forest and Stream*.

The Royal Military College.

The closing exercises of the Royal Military College, Kingston, took place on Thursday afternoon, the 26th June. The Commandant, Major-General Cameron, read his annual report in the gymnasium in the presence of a large and fashionable audience. He stated that the instructional staff had confirmed the high opinion he had of them last year. He alluded to the departure of Major Davidson and Major Kigg, and said that he could not too strongly emphasize the fact that the prevalent system of admitting cadets with insufficient mathematical training is a source of embarrassment to them while in residence, a serious interference with the freedom which the professors should enjoy to arrange the details of their instruction in a natural and dependent order, and a grievous check to general progress. One of his most pleasing duties during the year was conveying to Sergeant-Major Morgans the medal bestowed by Her Majesty in recognition of eighteen years' irreproachable and soldierly conduct. The general conduct of the cadets has been satisfactory. Following are the names of the graduating class in order of merit:—H. Campbell, L. Amos, R. E. Leckie, R. Morris, C. M. Dobell, F. Anderson, J. Anderson, A. Matheson, T. Browne, J. Houlston, W. Cook, E. Morris, G. G. Rose, F. B. Emery.

Senior of second class—Sergt. D. S. McInnes. Senior of third class—Cadet W. Dumble. Senior of fourth class—Cadet B. Armstrong.

There were the usual brilliant exercises on the campus during the afternoon. The *élite* of the city enjoyed the scene. The cadets paraded, showing marvellous steadiness and good training. The gymnastic performances were interesting and the marine explosions thrilling. The prizes were presented amid great applause. The winners were cheered time and again.

The cadets met their society friends at a closing ball on Tuesday evening. The affair passed off as pleasantly as the warm weather would permit, and even the heat was considerably mollified by the ingenuity of the cadets who had charge of the decorations. Adjoining the ball-room was the drawing-room, tastefully draped with flags and bunting and decorated with military emblems, a prominent feature being a life size figure of "Leo, the Royal Cadet," with a sword in his hand as if leading a charge against the Zulus. Just opposite the drawing-room was a sitting room, whose central attraction was a rookery covered with wild flowers and mosses and a huge block of ice whose grateful presence lent a delightful coolness to the air which was most acceptable. At the same end of the hall a large Union Jack curtained off steps leading to a window, through which many of the heated dancers retired to the roof of the portico to enjoy the beautiful view of the lighted city, the moonlight on the water and the refreshing breeze which came down the lake. The celebrated "Pullman car" was located in the same old place at the head of the stairs, and was, as usual, "taken" all the time. Many other resting places there were all artistically decorated and comfortably furnished, especially the refreshment room at the east end, where ice cream, lemonade and other light refreshments were served all evening. There were over 300 guests.

Photographing the Selkirks.

We have already given an extract from the recently published work of the Rev. Prof. William Spotwood Green, F.R.G.S., "Among the Selkirk Glaciers." Mr. Green was accompanied by the Rev. H. Swanzy, another expert mountaineer. Their crowning feat was the ascent of Mount Bonney, a peak measuring 10,622 feet (barometric reading), and, next after Mount Sir Donald, the highest in the group. The ascent was a fatiguing, stiff and risky piece of work, but the coming down was the tug-of-war. The outlook obtained from a curved peak on which they halted before attacking the summit promised some valuable photographs, but the elements were that day out of sympathy with scientific investigations, and an untimely squall frustrated the fruits of the camera. The view from the curved peak was superb. A perfect ocean of peaks and glaciers all cleft by valleys, and the main peak of Mount Bonney still rising in a dome of snow to the eastward. The weather looked threatening. Most of the landscape was bathed in sunshine, but there were heavy clouds hanging about the peaks, and one drifting towards us looked so lowering that we feared a thunderstorm. The first thought was to hurry up with the camera, but ere it could be fixed, the clouds broke in a furious shower of hail, accompanied by strong wind, and the photograph taken under such circumstances was decidedly of a shaky appearance. The gap through which Mr. Swanzy had ascended was distinct enough, but the distant view was all doubled and confused. The prospect from the summit was shut out by a projecting cornice, but Mr. Swanzy was not going to be baffled a second time. By the aid of a rope held by Mr. Green, he ventured out on the ledge, pushed down a portion of the cornice with his axe, and set up his camera. This time the wind left him unmolested, and he reaped the reward of his daring. Then they had to face the toughest problem of the day, the getting down. Our own artists have taken several fine views of the mountain region.

THE LOST CHILD.

A TRUE TALE OF PIONEER LIFE SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

BY "MARGUERITE," GEORGETOWN, ONT.

"There was a sound of revelry by night," and many hardy pioneers were gathered at the log cabin of Mr. Standish to witness the marriage of his daughter, Elizabeth, with George Leslie, a young man highly esteemed by all who knew him.

The solemn words which bound the young couple together for life were spoken, hearty congratulations offered and the merry company were gathered around the festive board, which fairly groaned beneath its load of pastry, wild fowl, and huge haunches of venison. Although the table appointments were of the rudest description, content spread its charm over all, for none of the company were accustomed to anything better.

Everything wore a festive appearance. Branches of evergreens intermixed with bright scarlet berries relieved the bareness of the unplastered walls. Numerous bear and deer skins rendered the otherwise uncarpeted floor more comfortable, and the logs in the huge fireplace blazed and crackled, sending their forked tongues of flame high up the chimney, as if determined to do all in their power to make the wedding feast a merry one. And a merry one it was; for, although the pine torches, fastened firmly along the walls, alternately blazing and spattering, cast their flickering light upon faces marked by that look of habitual anxiety inseparable from a life of toil and privation, dull care was for the time laid aside, and "what the conversation lacked in wit was made up in laughter." The older people talked of the homes and friends they had left behind when they came to this far off land. The younger ones spoke of homes and friends to be made in the future, while soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again. All went merry, but scenes of woe and pleasure are ever close commixed. Suddenly there was a hush. The laugh ceases. The joke is left untold. A man with a white, frightened face and bearing a torch is seen to go hurriedly past the window. The door is quickly opened and he enters. At his first words, "Is Mr. Frazer here?" a man in the prime of life steps forward, saying, "What is it? is anything the matter with my children?"

"Your little girl Agnes got lost this afternoon. We hunted for her until after dark, but couldn't find her, so I came here."

"Lost! my Agnes lost!" screamed a woman's voice. "How could she get lost! I left her with her aunt."

"Yes; but she shut the door and left the little girl sitting alone on the step eating some bread and butter, while she went down to the foot of the hill to gossip with Mrs. Bedford. She says she wasn't gone more than half an hour, but likely it was longer than that; anyway, when she came back the child was gone."

Loud murmurs of indignation broke from the company as the man ceased speaking. What! leave a little three-year-old child alone for so long in a forest full of wild beasts, how could any woman do such a thing. But the poor mother could only cry "Why did I leave her! oh, why did I leave her!"

"Ah, then there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale that but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness."

Hurried farewells were spoken, many offers of help tendered and accepted. Mrs. Frazer was placed upon the only horse belonging to the party and the sorrowful pair started for their home, which was seven miles distant.

Seven miles to be traversed by two parents whose child is lost in the pathless forest, perhaps even now being devoured by some wild beast; the very thought is torture. How bitterly they upbraid themselves for having left their home and their little ones. On and on they go, every minute seeming an hour and every mile a furlong. There is no path, a small mark called a "blaze" on the different trees being their only guide. The night is intensely dark and, although it is the fifth of April, bitterly cold. The light of the torch casts weird shadows over the little party. Occasional patches of snow lying in hollows seem to render the scene more ghost-like. No word is spoken, and the stillness of the night is broken only by the rustling of the dead leaves under their feet, and the melancholy sighing of the wind among the leafless branches of the trees. Occasionally, a wolf ventures near, its ghastly fangs and gleaming eyeballs filling the hearts of all with unspoken terror as they think of the lost child; but cowardly, like all its race, it retreats before the glare of the torch. But the longest journey must have an end, and at last the almost distracted parents reach their home. Tear-stained childish faces are pressed against the window panes. Childish voices, choked with tears, cry "Agnes is lost! Agnes is lost! aunt left her alone, and they can't find her!" The house is full of anxious, friendly neighbours, who have been searching the woods since night-fall, but without finding any trace of the child. Fresh torches are soon procured, another party organized, signals agreed upon, and the father sets forth, inwardly vowing never to return without the child, dead or alive.

Alas! their search seemed doomed to be in vain; for, although they hunted valley and hill, they found no trace whatever. One by one the men, wearied and hopeless, returned to their homes to wait for daylight, until at last the father was left alone. After some hours a light breeze sprang up, and the clouds that had so long hung over the forest like a pall began to clear away, and

"Then, the moon rising in clouded majesty,
At length apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silvery mantle threw."

Regarding this as a good omen, the father hurried on with renewed vigour, occasionally calling, "Agnes! Agnes!"

"But there came no other answer than the echo of his crying.
Than the echo of the woodlands."

Sometimes he fancied he caught a glimpse of his child's light dress and darted quickly forward, only to find the white moonlight gleaming on some tree-trunk. Again he thought he heard a light footstep, but was again deceived. 'Twas the night wind in the pine trees.

So the dreadful night wore on, until the fading glory of the moon showed that her reign was over. Slowly the east flushed into beauty, the sun rode forth in his golden chariot to rule the day with his brightness, and the April morning broke in all its splendour.

Nature, awakened from her long sleep, seems determined to break the icy chains which bind her, but grim old winter is not going to give up without a struggle. He has fringed the leafy mantle of the trees with a beard of hoar frost, which, glittering and sparkling in the sunlight, forms a scene incomparably beautiful. Twittering birds, rejoicing in the loveliness around them, fly about from place to place, tasting the pure air, and making the forest vocal with their glad songs.

The beauty around him would the day before have gladdened the father's heart, but now it seems only to mock his misery, for she who had so often during the long winter asked if the flowers would soon wake up, is now, he feels sure, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

Daylight brought more neighbours to aid in the search, but all in vain. The rosy mist of the morning gave place to the dazzling brightness of noon, then the sun began his downward march, and still the dreary, hopeless search went on, until

"Swiftly the evening came, the sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape."

Wearied and sick at heart, the men were retracing their steps, and were within about a mile from home, when suddenly the father gave a glad cry and sprang forward. There, where a small patch of snow lay in a hollow, was the print of little feet. Eagerly they pressed forward, but their joy was quickly turned to horror. Just in front of them, by a hollow tree, where they had evidently slept during the winter, were two fierce-looking bears. To fire at the foremost was the work of an instant. The ball entered its head, but seemed at first to be ineffectual, and the infuriated beast made a desperate bound forward, striking Mr. Frazer as it did so and inflicting a slight flesh wound on his shoulder, then, with a growl of mortal agony, it rolled lifeless on the ground. The other, maddened at the loss of its mate, seemed determined to sell its life as dearly as possible. But the odds were four to one. Shots were fired in rapid succession, and soon it, too, lay dead.

Could they have devoured the child? But no! The thought was too horrible. Breathlessly the men hurried forward a few steps further. Then there was a glad shout, "We've found her, we've found her"; for in the distance they caught sight of a child's dress. As they drew nearer, the sight which met their eyes made even their stout hearts quake. There, lying beside a little hillock, was the child, the setting sun making a halo of glory about the bare golden head which lay on some ice.

The little figure lay white and motionless, but whether it was icy Death, or only her gentle twin sister Sleep, which held her in its grasp at first they could not tell. The sweet blue eyes were closed, traces of tears were on the marble cheeks which only the day before had glowed with health and happiness. The poor little hands were clenched and in one of them was a crust of bread. Her dress was dragged and torn, one little shoe was gone and her whole attitude spoke of terror and exhaustion.

"The father stooped to lift her, but the spark of life had fled,
And the poor little child in the wild, wild wood—lay dead."

For a moment not a word was spoken. Then the father repeated slowly and reverently: "The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Their next thought was one of wonder and thankfulness that she had been preserved from the savage beasts which that she had been preserved from the savage beasts which had been so dangerously near her. Surely she must have been watched over by some of these "millions of spiritual creatures which walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." The heat of her head had at first melted the ice slightly, and her head had sunk a little, but the frost king had resumed his sway again, and it was only by severing some of the golden curls with their knives that they could free it from his grasp. A robin sitting in a tree overhead ceased his evening song, and his bright eyes looked down pitifully upon the scene, as the father gave up his precious burden to another because his poor trembling arms were not able to bear it.

Meanwhile, the poor mother, denied the consolation of searching, sat at home benumbed with grief. In vain her four other children clung around her, seeking in their childish way to comfort her, saying: "Father will find Agnes and way to comfort her, saying: 'Father will find Agnes and bring her back all right!'" In vain kindly neighbour women laid her baby on her knee; mechanically she attended to its wants, but her thoughts were all with the lost one. Wearily, oh so wearily, the hours rolled by, the pendulum of the old clock had never before seemed to swing so slowly. One by one the children, worn out with crying, slept the dreamless sleep of childhood. One by one kindly

neighbour-women returned to their own homes and loved ones, until at last the mother and the conscience stricken aunt were left alone together. No word of reproach was spoken, however, and none was needed, for

"Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That pierce the soul or wring the wind with anguish
Beyond comparison, the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe."

At last the dreadful night wore away. Slowly the cold, gray dawn approached, then the sun sent his glad beams to brighten the interior of the little cabin, but still the mother sat there

"Speechless, motionless,
Unconscious of the daylight or the darkness."

The children awoke asking pitifully if "father hadn't brought Agnes home yet"; and then the mother roused herself. Household duties were attended to, the children cared for the same as usual, the tall clock ticked away, and the sun shone as brightly as ever. Oh, what a mockery it all seemed!

Winged rumour had been busy, and people came from far and near, asking tidings of the lost child. Weary men returned from the search only to report non-success, but still the father came not. So the never-to-be-forgotten day wore on. Morning was gradually followed by noon, then the lengthening shadows told that the day was declining. At last the poor tired mother fell into a troubled sleep, soon to be awakened by the shout, "They've found her, they've found her!" She tried to rise, but her poor trembling limbs refused to support her. She could only stretch out her arms to receive the precious burden. One look told her that her child was dead, and with a piercing cry she fell back senseless.

Two days later the mother, with a lingering touch, arranged for the last time the clustering curls about the marble brow, and placed in the tiny hands a bunch of snow-drops which had forced their way through the frozen soil, as if to offer themselves as a sacrifice on this altar of childhood's innocence and purity. Then, with tender hands, they placed the little white-robed figure in the coffin which the father's hands had made. The children were called to take a last look at their little angel sister, and a solemn procession started on foot for the nearest grave-yard, which was eight miles distant.

In a beautiful spot, where the trees formed a verdant canopy overhead, and a thick carpet of moss stretched beneath the feet, was the little grave, and when the parents had seen the last shovelful of earth heaped upon their darling they returned sorrowfully to their home, where "They took up the burden of life again."

The silent wheels of Time have run their annual course for seventy years since then. The reaper whose name is Death has long since laid the parents beside their child. Strange to say, however, the couple whose marriage took place on that eventful night, still live, honoured and beloved by all who know them. Although their locks are silvery white, and their bodies bend beneath their weight of years, their mental faculties are unimpaired, and as their children's children gather around them they often tell the story of the little "Lost Child," whose moss-covered tombstone tells her sad story:

"Through fault of friend she went astray,
And perished in the wilderness, where there was no way."

Beware! She is Fooling Thee.

Were you ever on a river
In the new Canadian West,
Where the maples shade the waters
And the flowers bloom the best,
Where the sky is blue and cloudless
And the birds in thousands sing
Where the blossoms are the sweetest
In the Manitoba spring.

I have wandered by such river,
I have seen such flowers blow,
I have seen such verdure growing—
Only Manitobans know—
And the song birds were the sweetest
And the river fair to see,
For I met beneath the maples
The dearest one to me.

Now 'tis winter, and the mercury
Is twenty-five below,
And the river of the summer
Wears a shroud of ice and snow.
The leaves have left the maples,
All the birds have gone away,
And my love! She loves another,
Or so, at least, they say.

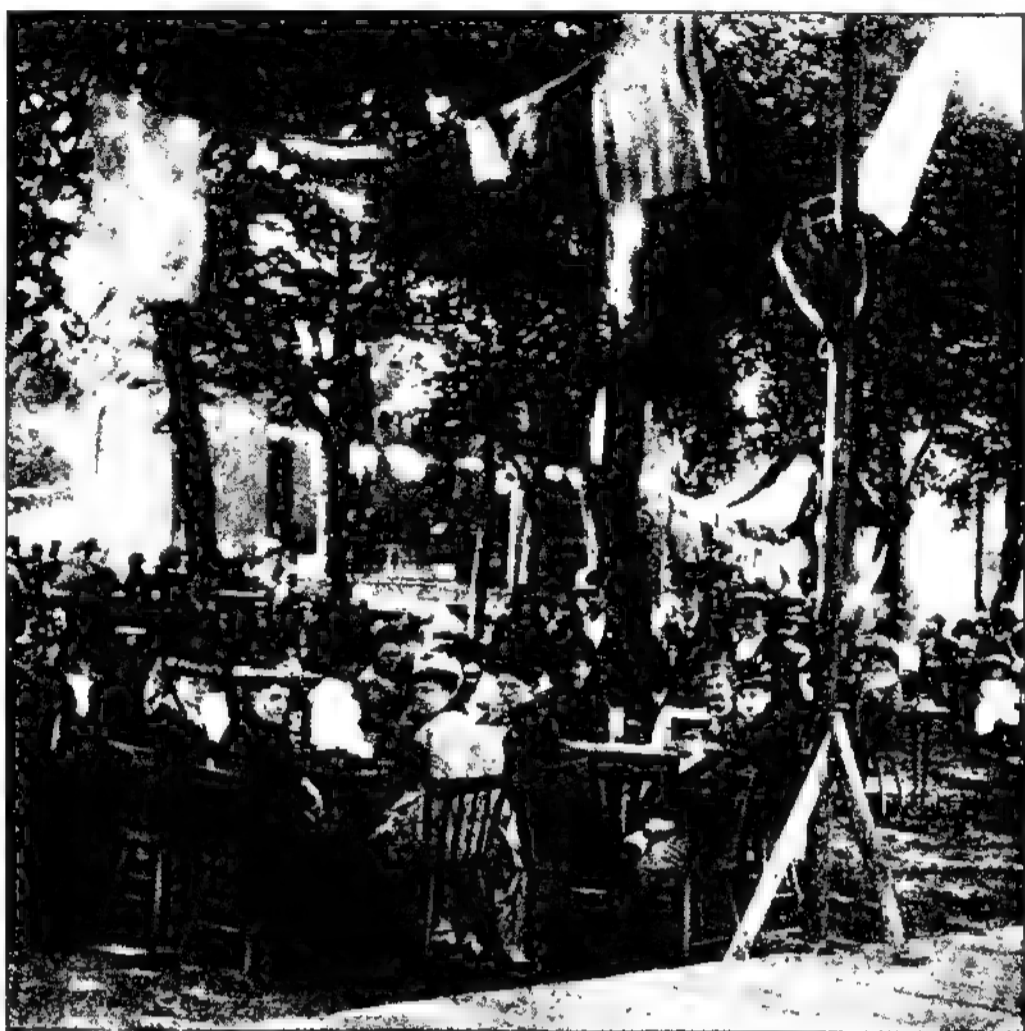
L'envoi.

Changing as the weather changes,
From the cold to summer heat,
Is a woman's fickle favours,
And her constancy a cheat;
Yet in spring beneath the maples—
Knowing this you'll likely see—
I'll be wandering by the river
If she only beckons me.

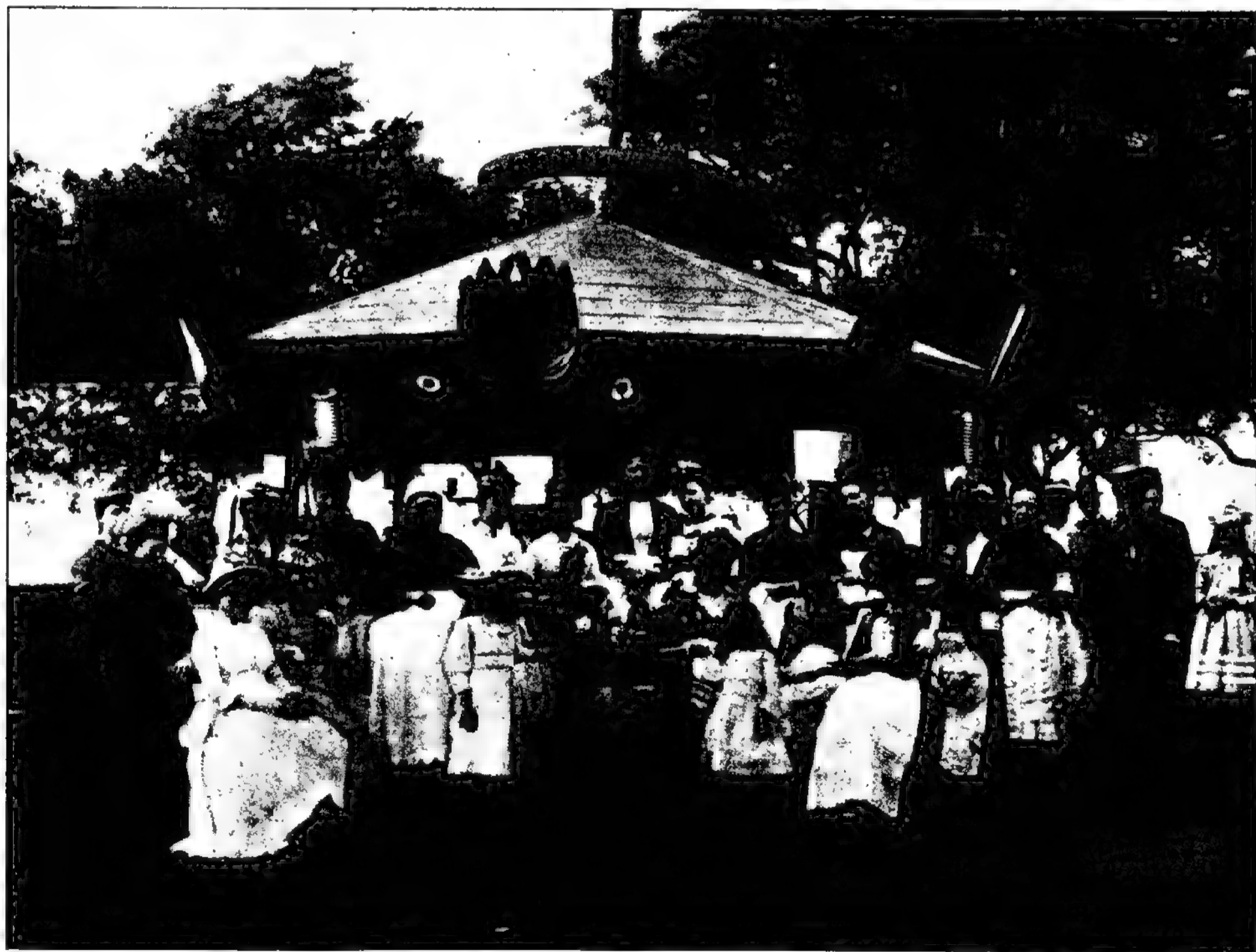
LA TOUCHE TUPPER (Willie Seaton).



THE CIGAR STAND.

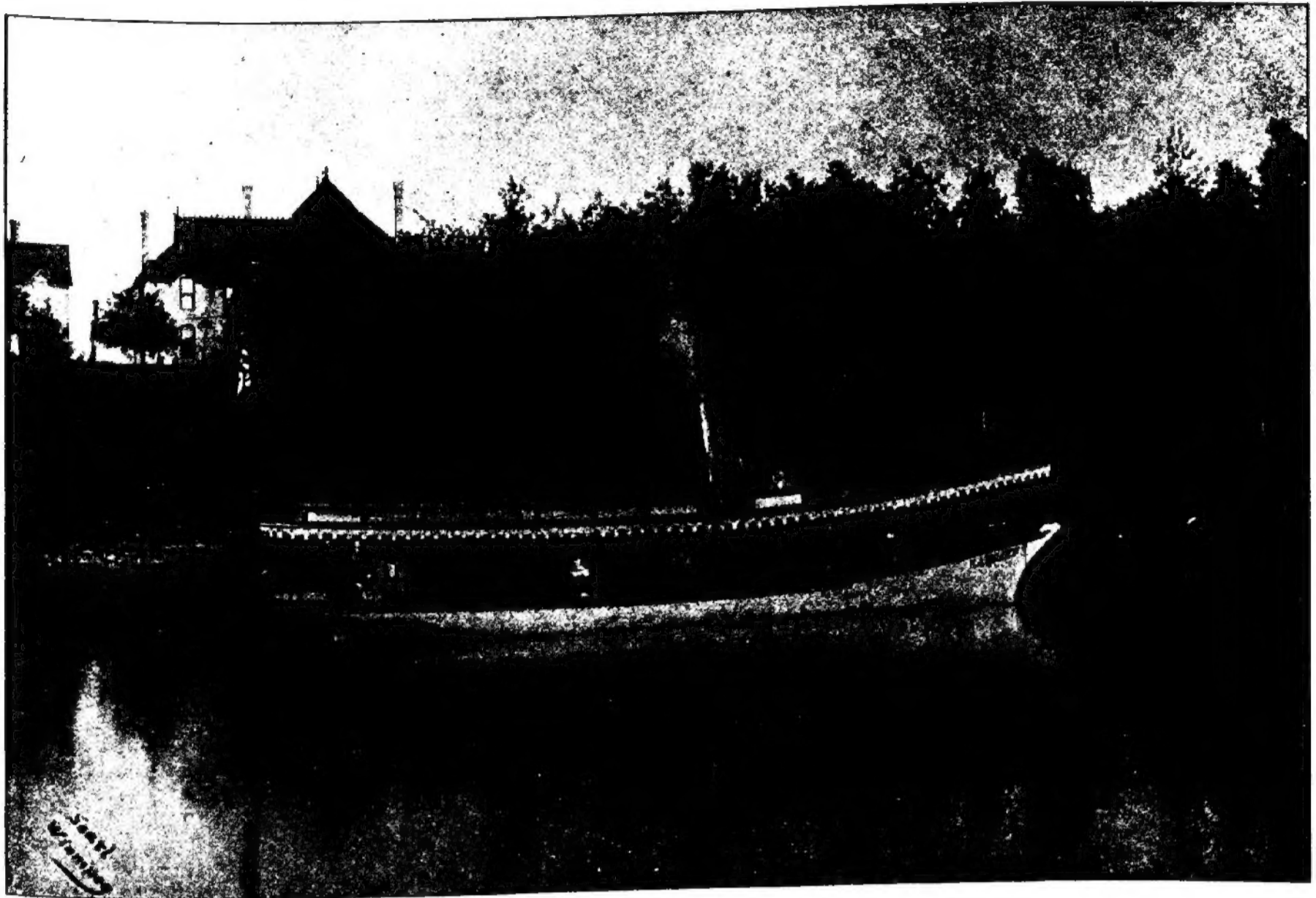


THE REFRESHMENT TABLES.



THE TOMBOLA.

THE FÊTE AT SOHMER PARK, MONTREAL, ON THE 24th JUNE, IN FAVOUR OF "LE MONUMENT NATIONAL."



"A MANITOBA RIVER": VIEW ON THE ASSINIBOINE. (Searl, photo., Winnipeg.)
(See poem by R. La Touche Tupper, the "Willie Seaton," of *Winnipeg Siftings*.)



THE LEARY RAFT BEING TOWED OUT OF ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR, N.B., ON ITS WAY TO NEW YORK.
(From a sketch by R. McLaughlin.)

A LITERARY RETROSPECT.

BY THE LATE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVÉAU, LL.D., ETC.

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a translation of the address, delivered by the late Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, on the occasion of the inauguration at Ottawa of the Royal Society of Canada, of which he was then Vice-President, and of which he was subsequently elected President. Like all Mr. Chauveau's writings, it is marked by grace and vigour of style, and a scholarly choice of language. Apart from its interest as a review of the intellectual and literary movement in Canada, it has, from the circumstances of its delivery, a certain historical importance, which is enhanced now that Mr. Chauveau is no longer with us. It will, we trust, be appreciated by those who expressed their gratification at the publication of the "Souvenirs," of which Mrs. Curzon recently favoured us with a translation. Like those pleasant "Recollections," the following address has never before appeared in English:—

MY LORD, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Half a century has not yet elapsed since, after a series of political events which were then considered disastrous, the two provinces created by the Constitution of 1791 were reunited into a single province; three lustres have scarcely passed since the federal union of the British colonies of North America, which succeeded to the legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada. Still, if I undertook to set forth in detail all the progress which has been accomplished in those two periods which I have just indicated, I should scarcely have any time to speak of our literary past and of the new institution which we inaugurate to-day, and which, there is every reason to hope, is itself a great progress and the complement of that which preceded it. In all directions our land is covered with canals and railways, vast and distant regions have been brought near to us and given up to colonization, our postal and telegraphic communications have multiplied, mines of every kind have been discovered and worked, our marine, our industries, our commerce, have assumed enormous proportions, new relations have been established with foreign countries, their capital has been attracted to us, new financial institutions have been created, finally our population, notwithstanding a constant exodus to the United States, has increased in a manner almost prodigious. So much for our material progress.

The true system of constitutional government, of which we had hitherto but a mere shadow, has been established, and is in operation both in the federal and in the provincial order; the municipal régime has been perfected, and, if it is the source of many abuses, it is also the cause of much progress; institutions destined for the relief of suffering humanity have multiplied, thanks to the initiative of the religious communities, of the charitable societies and of our governments; the eldest of the provinces has organized a code of civil laws which has been generally admired; questions which the religious and social interests of the different sections of the population, rendered very difficult, have been solved; in fine, our public men have had their sphere of action enlarged, and the two careers, federal and local, which are open to them, and whose relative importance, it is not easy to estimate so useful are they both, suffer from no lack of able and devoted men. So much for our political and social progress.

Popular education has made real and solid progress; the institutions of higher education have developed and augmented their utility; special and scientific institutions have been created; literary associations and journalism have greatly expanded; literary and scientific periodicals, notwithstanding the great obstacles that stand in the way of their success, have been started, new ones taking the place of those which have but just disappeared; libraries, museums, popular lectures have multiplied; historical investigation has had an important development; in fine, a national literature, in each of the languages of the country, languages which in modern times are what Greek and Latin were to the ancient world, has come to the birth, and has even begun to attract attention in Europe. So much for the intellectual movement in Canada.

I know that there are shadows on this picture; and if I present it to you under its fairest aspect, it is not because I would excuse those who gave a character of marked injustice to the great political development, which was the starting-point of all this progress, or still less would blame those of my own nationality who, in the beginning, offered so noble and energetic a resistance to the imperial legislation of 1840. Thanks to that resistance, gentlemen, we all now enjoy in common those liberties of which we are so proud. Without that struggle, the two great races which form the major part of our vast confederation would not have been placed on a footing of equality, would not fraternize as they do to-day. Besides, at the most critical moments of our history, there have always been English statesmen who understood the rôle which the two races had to play on this portion of the North American continent. Suffice for example those noble words of Lord Grenville in the discussion of the bill for the constitution of 1791. "Some have characterized as prejudice," said that eminent statesman, "the attachment of the Canadians to their customs, their laws, their usages, which they prefer to those of England. In my opinion, such attachment merits another name; I look upon it as founded on reason and on something better than reason—on the noblest sentiments of the human heart." Do you not find, gentlemen, a striking resemblance between that loyal declaration and the words

which, after many vicissitudes, many misunderstandings and struggles, have fallen at different times from the lips of several representatives of Her Majesty, and especially from those of Lord Elgin and Lord Dufferin, and on a still more recent occasion from those of the exalted personage who presides at this meeting (the Marquis of Lorne)?

George III. was reigning when our first two constitutions—1774 and 1791—were given to us, and our historian, M. Garneau, whose testimony is above suspicion, does honour to the efforts of that monarch to overcome the prejudices, the resentments and the fears which opposed every measure of liberality or even of justice towards his new subjects, as Canadians of French origin were then called. He ascribes to the gratitude of our fathers the enthusiastic welcome given to Prince William Henry, who visited this country in 1787, and to Prince Edward, father of our gracious Sovereign, who was present at the inauguration of the constitution of 1791. The period included under our two other constitutions (1840-1867) has seen in this country no fewer than five of the descendants of George III., and among them the heir presumptive to the Crown, who inaugurated the giant Victoria Bridge, one of the marvels of America and of the entire world, and who laid the foundation of the building in which we now hold our sessions. May we not believe that the good will, of which this great colony has been the object, is a family tradition, a tradition not quite unconnected with the solicitude which our Governor-General is at present showing for all that relates to our intellectual progress?

Already on behalf of the Fine Arts, there has been established, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise and His Excellency the Governor-General, an Academy of which the first exhibitions have given birth to the fairest hopes. To-day it is the turn of Science and Letters.

Science and Letters! That is soon said—and how much there is in those two words! Still, what they represent is neither so new nor so incomplete in this country as is generally thought. For a long, very long time, noble efforts for the culture of the human mind have been made on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It is with that part of our early history—due proportion being, of course, observed—as it is with that of the Middle Ages, so long ignored or travestied. Whoever has read the charming pages of Ozanam and of Montalembert cannot but feel indignant when he hears those ages called dark and ignorant, in which flourished doctors who have not since been surpassed or even equalled, and when the cloisters were academies, museums and libraries, and thousands of pupils crowded the benches of the universities, when students as well as professors made the greatest sacrifices for knowledge, when the same self-denial, the same courage, the same perseverance which had been shown by entire generations of artists and artisans in building those mighty cathedrals which raise their spires like giants above the structures of modern Europe caused legions of masters and disciples to work without ceasing in preserving and extending the domain of intelligence. Well, since the first settlements were made in Canada, not only have men been engaged in spreading the light of religious truth, and in practising the loveliest of the virtues which it teaches, that charity, to which so many monuments, of which some still exist, were raised, but they have also been employed zealously and actively in transplanting and causing to flourish on this soil those sciences and arts which at that period cast so bright a lustre over the continent of Europe. It is well known that the majority of the early colonists could read and write—several of them were men of classical or professional attainments,—that schools were opened in several places, in addition to and independently of the institutions of the Jesuits, the Seminary, founded by Mgr. Laval, and that of the Sulpicians. A literary and domestic education of the healthiest kind and of a higher class than many might be inclined to believe, was given to young ladies by Ursulines at Quebec and Three Rivers and by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame at Montreal. The lovers of the beautiful, of the æsthetic, as they say now-a-days, might still find much to admire in the rich works preserved in some of our convents. The College of the Jesuits at Quebec, the School of Arts founded by Mgr. Laval at St. Joachim, helped to cultivate minds, some of which rendered important services to the colony. Public theses were delivered on the model of those of the old world—the governor and intendants taking part in the debates. Those officials and the bishop were almost always men of letters. Frontenac was a fund of literature; his wife belonged to the inner circle of Madame de Sévigné. M. de Galissonnière was a *savant*. Talon was a man of the finest education; M. Dupuy, one of his successors, brought to Canada a large library. M. Boucher, Governor of Three Rivers, wrote a natural history of the country. The missionaries were most often not only apostles and diplomats, but also explorers in the field of science. Père Charlevoix and Père Lafitau published ethnologic studies and made valuable discoveries in botany. The great *voyageurs* did not venture into the vast regions of the west without having the knowledge of astronomy and engineering necessary for such explorations. Lately an instrument for taking observations was found which Champlain is supposed to have lost on his journey from Ottawa to Nipissing. That great man, whom we may well call the father of the country, was both a man of science, a vigorous thinker, and an able writer. Besides the history of his travels in Canada, he has left a treatise on the art of navigation and a splendid description of the region around the Gulf of Mexico, in which he has displayed his knowledge of the art of drawing and of all the branches of natural history. Moreover,

it was he who first conceived the project of uniting the two oceans by a canal across the Isthmus of Panama—a project which, after two centuries and a half, it has fallen to one of his compatriots to initiate. The Nicolets, the Marquettes, the Gauthiers de la Veyrendrie based their discoveries on the data of science. Joliet was a pupil of the Jesuits' College, and conducted a public debate which drew much attention to him. More than one botanist traversed our forests in those days, and before Kalm, the countryman and pupil of Linnaeus, came to the castle of St. Louis to enjoy the hospitality of M. de la Galissonnière, a friend of science, as is to-day the occupant of Rideau Hall, Gauthier and Sarrasin had already given their names to useful plants. M. Talon caused researches to be made into the mineral resources and geography of the country over a vast extent of territory, and to do so he must have employed men of science.

In this little world, so isolated during the long winters, ever subject to the excitement of a fresh war, a fresh invasion, the wonder is that there was any thought of science or literature. And yet what a charm there is in the *Relations* of the time, what a pleasing and elegant style; and, above all, what ardour, what elevation, what profound philosophy in the letters of that celebrated mystic who predicted the greatness of our country, and whom Bossuet has called the Ste. Thérèse of Canada! The taste for the beautiful, for the ideal, for the appreciation of what is sublime in nature, that is, poetry; the investigation of truth, that is, philosophy; the study of the world and its laws, that is, science, are not found in books alone. Books are only the archives of human thought, archives incomplete and laden, in some cases, with what is useless, to say no more. The finest things which are found in them were often not intended for them. The Letters of Madame de Sévigné, those of Lord Chesterfield, the *Pensées* of Pascal, were not written for publication. Racine timidly composed for a few friends two tragedies, of which one has become one of the greatest masterpieces of the French drama. I may be told that nothing which took place in our country in those early days justifies such a comparison. All that can be shown—and I think I have proved it—is that there existed in Canada an intellectual activity, which was indicated in a thousand ways, and if its only traces now are a small number of written works, printed in France and sold to-day at their weight in gold, it did not the less contribute to the triumph of civilization over barbarism. Was it not an admirable spectacle, that little community, centred in a few towns, in part extending over vast distances, bringing to the world the account, true but scarcely credible, of all that it had suffered,—alas! in many cases the explorers did not return at all—was it not, I say, an admirable spectacle which was given to mankind by that valiant vanguard of civilization, whose rôle was, in some respects, exactly modelled on that of the Christian society of the Middle Ages? The latter, suppressed by transforming the barbarism which had invaded the Old World; the former came to conquer in this New World another barbarism still more terrible, to struggle against it at thousands of leagues' distance from Europe, beyond an unknown ocean, in the boundless forests, where for half the year thick snow covered the ground. It was by contact with such learned men, men sometimes of superior genius, with those ladies of distinction, that the Canadian *habitant*, himself often the representative of a good family, a former interpreter, an ex-officer or soldier of some of the crack regiments, was enabled to preserve that enlightened intelligence, that robust faith, that invincible patience, those principles of honour, that politeness, that happy gaiety, in a word, those higher human qualities which furnished to the ancients a name for literature itself—*literæ humaniores*. The population of the colony was long limited; the educated class comprised a considerable portion of it; it, therefore, mingled, on terms of more or less intimacy, with the class less favoured as to education; there was of necessity a radiation from the one to the other. The missionaries—and at that time all the *curés* were missionaries—did not devote their attention to the savages alone. They fostered everywhere the light of civilization, and could not but impart a certain degree of instruction in their constant intercourse with the rural population, even when most isolated. Of the religious orders, two of the most illustrious gave Canada the benefit of their devotion. One of those orders is famous the world over, and it is Canada which has supplied some of the most glorious pages in its annals. Though less known than the Jesuits, the Franciscans have not less contributed by their labours to the work of civilization. They bore the brunt of danger and suffering, but they have by no means had proportionate honour. The mild and humble solitary of Assisi, was just the man to be the model of such apostles—men who were to pass their lives in the midst of primitive nature or bear the first rudiments of human learning from habitation to habitation along the banks of our great river. He was—with the permission of the *savants*—the most skilful of naturalists, that good St. Francis, for, according to the legend, he loved not only all animated creation, but he also made himself loved in return. He charmed the fishes, the birds, even the wild beasts. "My brother, the dog," "my brother, the wolf," he was wont to say. In his *Genie du Christianisme*, Chateaubriand gives a charming picture of the wanderings of the Franciscans from hamlet to hamlet and from castle to castle in France; M. de Gaspé has also given us some illustration of what they were in our own country in his time. But how much more interesting would it be to have an account of their early missions!

(To be continued.)

FINE ARTS

MEDALS AWARDED.—The Société des Beaux Arts has awarded medals to Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb and Mr. E. Wyly Grier, whose pictures, "Primitive Methodists in St. Ives," and "Bereft," now exhibiting in the Paris Salon, were hung in last year's Academy. Mr. Grier's picture was "skied" in London, but, being on the line at the Salon, has met with deserved recognition there.

MR. WHISTLER'S DEFINITION OF A FINISHED PICTURE.—A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared. To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labour, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view. Industry in Art is a necessity—not a virtue—and any evidence of the same, in the production, is a blemish, not a quality; a proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work. The work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow—suggests no effort—and is finished from its beginning.—*The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, (William Heinemann).

RUBENS UNDER THE HAMMER.—The Crabbe collection which has just been sold at Seldemeyer's Gallery in Paris brought in a total of 1,590,000 francs. The highest price, 177,000 francs, was given for Meissonier's "Guide." "A Holy Family," by Rubens, brought 112,000 francs; a "Portrait of an Admiral," by Rembrandt, 106,500 francs; 63,000 francs was paid for a "Matin" by Corot, and 60,000 francs for a "Soir" by the same artist. Delacroix's "Chasse au Tigre" reached 76,000 francs; and Miller's "Famille de Paysans" 20,500 francs. Fromentin's "Halte de Cavaliers Arabes" rose from 30,000 francs, the first bid, to 42,000 francs. "Ophelie," by Alfred Stevens, fetched 29,100 francs, and 95,000 was given for a set of small drawings by Rubens, and 190,000 francs for three of Troyon's sketches. During the last two months a single auctioneer at the Hôtel Drouot has sold pictures to the amount of over 8,000,000 francs, a sign that art amateurs in France still have plenty of money.

PRICES OF PICTURES.—In a recent London sale of pictures the following prices were realized: Lord A. Hamilton, in blue silk Vandyck dress, with lace collar and sleeves, in an oval, 30 inches by 25 inches, signed by T. Gainsborough, R.A., from the Duke of Hamilton's collection, 4,200 guineas (Agnew); Alexander, Duke of Hamilton, in black Vandyck dress, with lace collar, the same size as the previous one, by the same master, 1,500 guineas (Agnew); "The Dairy Farm," by Paul Potter, 19½ inches by 24½ inches, signed, and dated, 1646, 5,800 guineas (Agnew); a woody landscape, 23½ inches by 32½ inches, signed by M. Hobbema, 2,600 guineas (Agnew); "The Bashful Child," 21 inches by 17 inches, by Romney, 950 guineas (Agnew); Lady Hamilton as Circe, whole length, 93 inches by 58 inches, by Romney, 3,850 guineas (Gibbs). The statue known as the "Tinted Venus," by J. Gibson, R.A., ornamented with gold by Castellan, was sold for 1,750 guineas to Mr. McLean.

MODERN ENGLISH ART.—The Duke of Marlborough does not mince matters in expressing his contempt for English contemporary art. Referring, we presume, to the Duke's article in the *New Review* for July, the *Daily News* says: "Sir F. Leighton, Mr. H. H. Moore, Mr. Swan, and a few animal painters only excepted, he doubts whether a collection of modern English pictures could be sold at all in a Continental auction room. 'Millais, Watts, Burne-Jones, Orchardson, and various other artists' are, it is admitted, able to command high prices; but this is attributed to the fact that in our large manufacturing towns there are a few enthusiasts with money, who, 'under the advice of one or two of our Bond Street prophets,' are willing to buy anything. Put them up for sale abroad, says the Duke, alongside works by Cazin, L'Hermittes, and others, and see what the foreigners would say to them.' Our portrait painters fare no better at his Grace's hands. 'Who,' he asks, 'except an Englishman of mature years would ever go to Sir J. Millais, to Herkomer, to Orchardson, or even the late F. Holl, to be painted? And when we come to the Colliers, the Hallés, the Shannons, I simply ask, will any human being, male or female, ever cross the Channel to be painted by one of these English artists?'"

THE ART OUTPUT OF THE YEAR.—A writer in *London* says:—"In summing up the art output of the year, so far as the various summer exhibitions enable one to judge of it, it must be admitted that taken *en bloc* there is only too little vital and original work. But this has always been so—and it will always continue to be so. To step out of any of the larger galleries where current art forms the staple of the pictures into the Dowdeswell Galleries, where, until recently, the work of the great French and Dutch romanticists were exhibited, is like stepping out of the vitiated atmosphere of a theatre into fresh air of the open street. And yet at the Royal Academy, and at the overflow galleries affiliated to it, there are plenty of pictures full of effort, full of achievement; pictures which have cost their creators infinite pains to think out, infinite pains to evolve. Mythological, classical, historical subjects, often treated

with great skill, and built up with conspicuous ingenuity—at ever so great a pecuniary sacrifice, too, for models cannot be hired for nothing, neither can *bric à brac* and other stage properties. It is to be regretted that the result of all this forethought and the rest fall so far short of success. Compared with the simple, spontaneous works of the Barbizon painters—works which, brimful of learning as they are, bear upon them no impress of cleverness nor of labour in that their painters have been concerned with concealing rather than with parading their knowledge—the unsatisfactory nature of the great bulk of the pictures of the year becomes at once apparent. They are, with the few exceptions which I have pointed out, so far as I have been able, vulgar and valueless, in that they are at the best merely the achievement of clever artificers, painting to meet a market. The pictures of the great romantic painters of France and Holland live, and will continue to live, because they owed their being to poetic enthusiasm; they were the resultants of the soul's overflowing. The only concern of the men who painted them was to perfect their methods from within themselves, that in so doing they might satisfy the longings of strongly defined individuality or temperament, and give outward expression to beautiful conceits and images beyond the ken of, and hidden away from the sight of ordinary mortals. In England we have but few such artists. In the busy commercialism of our every day life, the young artist is taught that his first business is to learn how best to please and attract patrons, whereas his only thought must be how he may add something to the sum total of the beautiful things of this world. But, as I have said, we have in our midst to day a small band of romantic painters whose art proves incontestably that they are inspired by the nobler ideal. If determination and patience be theirs too, as, judging by all I have seen of their work during the past years, I believe them to be; if they can bravely endure the bitter heartburnings which the laws of human nature decree must fall to the lot of men highly individual, keenly sentient, who are denied the full recognition of their powers, and who are brushed into obscurity by bustling mediocrities armed *cap-à-pie* with the tricks and devices of the tradesman and huckster, then they will go on as they have begun until they end by making the name of England glorious wherever art is valued throughout the world."

Reverie

OF A FIELD NATURALIST.

Recently, in answering those personal, not to say perplexing, questions, so ingeniously arranged in mental photograph albums, I stated my favourite object in nature to be a brook; and still more recently have I been permitted to realize my ideal conception of the beautiful in nature.

Spending a short holiday in Ottawa, I was fortunate in becoming acquainted with some of the officers of the O. F. N. Club, and, through them, was invited to join the inaugural excursion for the season. The tickets indicated that "Butternut Grove, Old Chelsea," was to be our field of action, but our pleasure was only limited by the hours of meeting and parting. Shortly after nine o'clock we were under way, having arranged the company into happy groups; and the cavalcade of eight comfortable busses, drawn by as many burly teams, and furnished in all with about a hundred smiling faces, must have been a sore temptation to the friends who from circumstances could not accompany us.

Across by the Chaudiere Falls and off to the banks of the Gatineau we roll. Under bowers of maple and pine we slowly ascend the heights, as, leaving the Ottawa Valley, we approach the Laurentides. On the way we get a glimpse of the Gatineau Falls, and we muse over the tales their noisy waters tell. Long has the lumberman plied its course, and many thousand kingly logs has its bosom born from the giant woods above, where the wolf and deer roam secure in the perfect wildness of their surroundings. Thus on our right we hear these stories of the past, while turning to the left we almost hear the voice of progress, so evident is its coming. Already is the road levelled waiting only those parallels of steel, along which shall weirdly career the "fire-wagon" with its terrifying scream and foreboding knell. But we are now at Chelsea, and soon reach the grove. It is noon and the morning air has quickened our appetites till lunch suggests itself, as of first importance. A short struggle with the sandwiches and *et ceteras*, prepares us for the programme which follows. Section one will weed the country round, and many volunteers offer for the work. The next party, net in hand, will follow the dizzy flight of insects; and a host of boys are glad of the opportunity thus offered to run, jump and climb. Those lovers of our feathered friends form a third detachment, while the austere members, whose desire is satisfied with the drudgery of dragging about a load of stones, constitute a small select company.

The rendezvous in the evening is very pleasant, with its happy and instructive addresses from the several leaders of divisions, and more pleasant still the conversations which merrily ring as the busses trundle homeward. Each tells of his or her delight as from mountain top or lonely vale of the view was taken of nature in her rare, beautiful garb of spring, and thus is sketched again the picture of the brook by Chelsea.

Driving across the bridge the features of the little stream are hidden with a wealth of foliage, which, however, is only the setting of this gem of nature, and it is the vein

from below the falls which we would describe. Following the path of the Walking Fern (*camptosorus rhizophyllus*), we find ourselves descending a sharp bluff, heading us by every step to rarer scenes of verdure. We have reached the banks of a tiny watercourse, and under the shade of gently waving leaves, in the cool of this musical retreat, we find ourselves bewitched as if by siren voices. One view is bounded by the sturdy stems holding aloft that drapery of tender green which, closing over us, admits small glints of sunshine, and anon discovers a little of azure and lets our thoughts escape heavenward. Before us is the Cascade—foaming and circling in falls and eddies—laughingly, playfully making its way over the rocky bed. What music it does make, as with glee it jumps and splashes, while perched on graceful swinging bow, the oriole leads the concert. By our feet the laving of the rills freshens the ferns that bow their gratitude, while the eye almost dazzles with the glow of colour greeting it. The brown and bronzed moss beds, the white and silvery grey of lichens, the green of fresh unfolded leaves, the golden petals toned by white and blue of violets or the sombre purple of the trillium, and the mottled leaf of adder tongue, and for a background we have, under the rustic bridge, the soft shades of the distant sky, while in the pools is mirrored the harmony of all, and we seem to behold the Master's palette.

H. T. M.

"Bank Chat."

The first number of *Bank Chat*, a monthly periodical, edited by Mr. G. Harcourt Verney, and devoted, as its name implies, to the interests of the banking profession in Canada, contains a fine portrait of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, of the Imperial Bank, Toronto, who is known to our readers through instructive and vigorous articles on matters directly or indirectly connected with Imperial Federation. The following brief biography accompanies the portrait:

The subject of this sketch was born in April, 1864, and entered the service of the Imperial Bank in January, 1882. Mr. Hopkins evidently took to his profession from the start, as he was promoted from the position of "Junior" to that of teller in the Ingersoll branch. In August, 1888, he was transferred to the Toronto office, and at present holds the position of "Correspondence."

Even as a boy Mr. Hopkins took an intense interest in the political welfare of our country, for in 1886 he organized the first branch of the Imperial Federation League in Ontario, at Ingersoll, and was its honorary secretary until removed to Toronto. He was Secretary of the Ingersoll Young Men's Association, and since going to Toronto has taken an active part in the proceedings of the association there, having been alternately Premier and Opposition leader in its Mock Parliament. He has been a joint-hon. secretary of the Imperial Federation League in Canada for a year and a half, and also secretary of the organized committee, but retired in April last. As a platform speaker Mr. Hopkins has dealt with Commercial Union, Imperial Federation and kindred topics in western Ontario. He has contributed to the *London Times*, written largely in *The Week*, *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, *Colonies and India*, of London, and other periodicals upon Canadian and Imperial topics.

In 1888 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, London, Eng., a member of the Council of the Imperial Federation League in England in 1887, and of the Council of the British Union Association of Manchester in 1886.

He has recently issued a pamphlet entitled "Links of Union between Canada and Australia," which has attracted considerable attention.

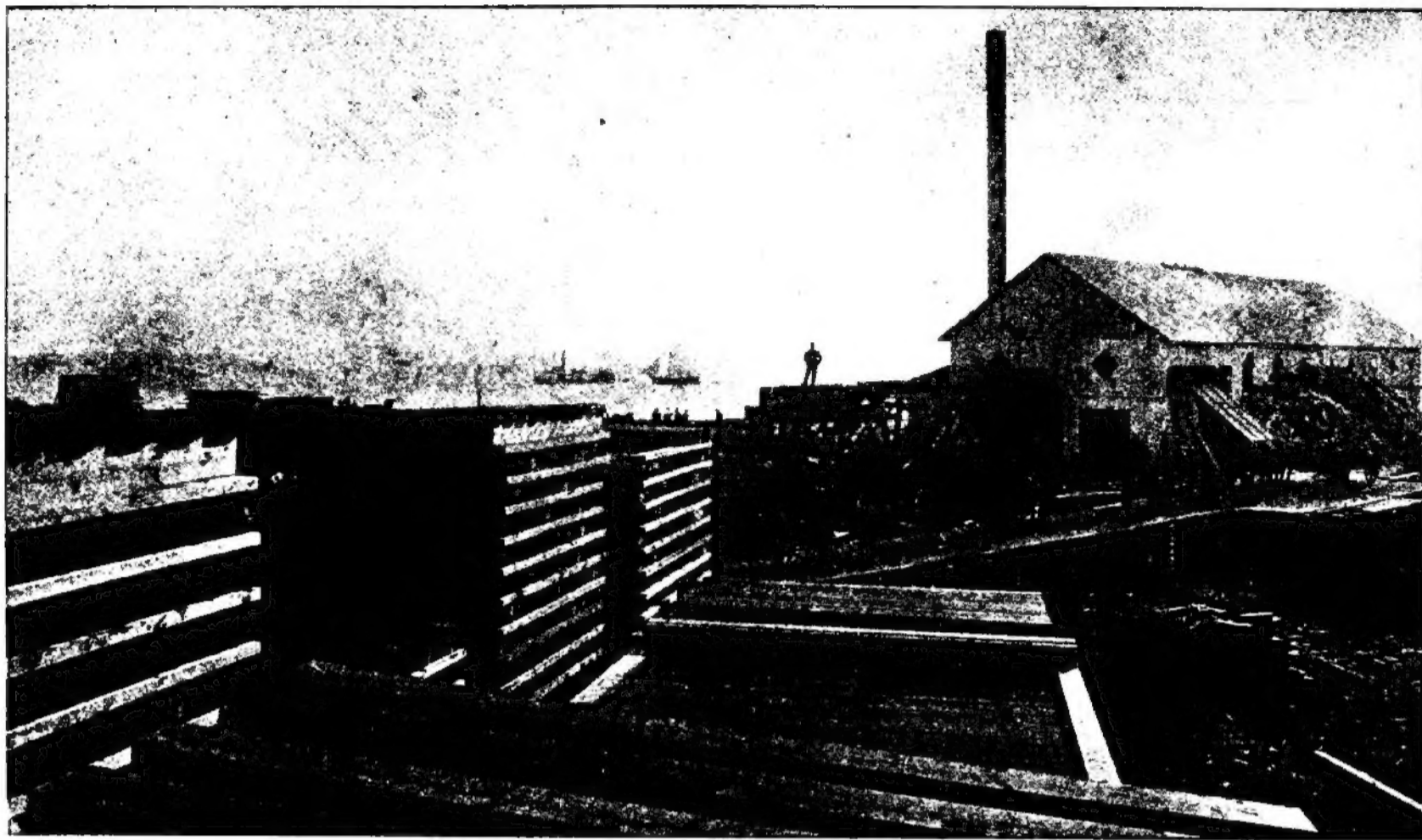
Mr. Hopkins is still a young man yet he sets an example, among the more thoughtful men in the profession, that is highly creditable to himself and well worthy of imitation by his fellow clerks throughout the country.

The "Dominion Illustrated" Out West.

The *Manitoba Evening Express* (Winnipeg) of July 9 announces that Mr. R. La Touche Tupper would leave for Lake Winnipeg in the following week to make the annual treaty payments in Treaty No. 5. He will be gone for two or three months and will be accompanied by Mr. McKay. A contribution from Mr. Tupper's pen appears in this issue. The same paper of the same date records the arrival in Winnipeg from Brandon of Mr. J. H. Brownlee, the western manager of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. The *ILLUSTRATED*, adds the *Express*, has just issued splendid special editions for British Columbia and Calgary, which are highly creditable to the publishers.

A Jolly Canoe Cruise.

In the interesting sketch published in our last issue entitled "A Jolly Canoe Cruise," the passage beginning "Leaving this delightful locality," in the third paragraph, should have read as follows: "Leaving this delightful locality, so well known to Kingston picnickers, we soon passed the quarries, where the famous petrified trees are to be seen, etc." By inadvertence the word "garrison" was inserted instead of "quarries." In the final paragraph also, the clause "from the day we left Kingston" should have been "from the time we left Kingston."



THE ROBERVAL LUMBER CO.'S MILLS, AT ROBERVAL, QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY. (Livernois, photo.)

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HERE AND THERE.

Weathercocks tell us what way the wind blows; actions tell us what way the mind moves.

WHAT MAKES HAPPINESS.—The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feelings.

Many of our great English painters have been practical musicians, or, at least, connoisseurs of the divine art. Gainsborough, for example, though he never had the patience to learn his notes, was passionately fond of music, and played on several instruments. One day he was so delighted with Colonel Hamilton's playing on the violin that he exclaimed; "Go on, and I will give you the picture of 'The Boy at the Stile,' which you so often wished to buy of me."

SABBATH REST.—In the "Life of Frank Buckland, the eminent naturalist, who devoted himself so thoroughly to the scientific and practical study of the river and sea fisheries of Great Britain, there is the following testimony to the value of Sabbath rest:—March, 1866,—I am now working from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and then a bit in the evening—14 hours a day; but, thank God, it does not hurt me. I should, however, collapse if it were not for Sunday. The machinery has time to get cool, the mill-wheel ceases to patter the water, the mill-head is ponded up, and the superfluous water let off by an easy, quiet current, which leads to things above.

There are some interesting stories about "Carlyle at Kirkcaldy" in the current number of *Igdrasil*. Here is one, relating to a visit paid by Carlyle to the Provost of Kirkcaldy, "a worthy elder who regularly con-

ducted family worship":—One morning he asked Carlyle to take the reading and he would offer up the prayer himself afterward. Carlyle by accident opened the Bible at the first chapter of the book of Job. He began to read this slowly and intelligently, pausing after some clauses as if to meditate on the circumstance and take in the whole meaning. On he went, the servants wondering, the Provost "dumfoondert." Yet no one dare interrupt the sage, as his face was getting all aglow. . . . The time passed on, and yet he was only heating to his work. After finishing the whole forty-two chapters, he quietly closed the Bible and remarked, "That is a marvellous life-like drama, only to be appreciated when read right through." Carlyle, it is said, used to wonder why the Provost never asked him to read at morning prayers again.

Perhaps the most remarkable of existing birds is the *hoatzin* or *opisthocomus* of Guiana and Brazil, the sole representative of its order and with many peculiarities in its skeleton. Mr. E. A. Brigham, in 1884, made the astonishing discovery that the bird was at the time of hatching a quadruped, the fore feet ending in two claws, and used during locomotion, the young birds for a few days after hatching scrambling about, and digging their claws into the ground. After a few days, the fore limbs change into true wings. The author of the volume on birds of the Standard Natural History dryly remarks, after quoting Mr. Brigham's account, "A confirmation of these statements is greatly to be desired." A recent number of the English ornithological journal, the *Ibis*, contains a description, by Mr. F. E. Beddard, of the nestling of this bird; and he fully confirms Mr. Brigham's account. It has always been supposed that the bird's wing has been produced by a change from a reptilian foot, and this condition has been retained in this bird for several days after birth. Thus another link connecting birds with four-footed vertebrates has been discovered.

Lemons are cultivated in the south of France, Portugal, and Italy, but their origin is in Asia, and therefore it is in that country the largest growths are to be found, as in its

native state it grows to a height of sixty feet, whilst in the European countries it is not of very high growth. In medicine, lemons are most valuable, and it is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It prevents the disease and goes a long way in curing it. Sailors take the juice constantly when at sea.

It is also very good in neuralgia; the best way of applying it is to rub the afflicted part with a slice of cut lemon, and those people who desire to keep in good health and be free from biliousness should take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water, without sugar, before going to bed and before rising in the morning. Taking lemons without water irritates the stomach, and eventually would cause inflammation. The uses of lemon-juice are so numerous that it is impossible to define them all; but there is no doubt the more it is employed, both externally and internally, the better people's health will be. The use of lemons is good for sea-sickness, biliousness and jaundice, and most beneficial in fevers. It is good also to cure warts, and to destroy scurvy of the head by rubbing it into the roots of the hair. The Dietetic Reformer says: "A new method of prolonging life is announced in a German work, where we are told that long life will be reached by the daily and increasing use of lemons. Count Waldeck, it is said, attained the age of 120 years because of his having resorted to this antidote to the sluggishness of the liver."

HUMOROUS.

WELL SAID.—Dearest Friend (in a tone of surprise): Why, Sophy, what a pretty picture you take!

SHE: Do you think marriage is a failure? He (aged twenty): It begins to look that way I've been rejected fourteen times.

WENT HIM ONE BETTER.—Tommy: My brother's a lawyer and has four suits on hand. Dick: That's nothing; my brother's a duke and has thirty-six.

NOT FAR OUT.—"Ma, dear, what does the word 'Matinee' mean?" "Gracious, child! what ignorance! 'Matinee' is a French word, meaning an amateur performance."